

THE MONTH

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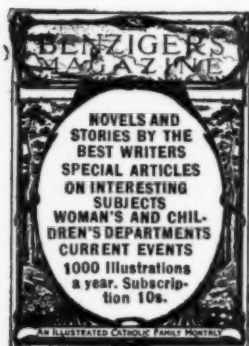
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Has a Council denied that Women have Souls?

SOME months ago I received a letter from a friend asking whether it was true that a Council of the Church had pronounced in solemn assembly that women had no souls. This assertion, my correspondent told me, had been made in a country-house conversation by a brilliant French *savant*, a Professor of Psychology, and when some of his auditors expressed their incredulity, the professor reiterated his statement in the most positive terms, declaring that the fact was perfectly well known, and was admitted by all authorities learned in ecclesiastical history.

I may confess that at the time this letter reached me, I had never even heard of the legend, and the task of looking up the germ of truth upon which this crazy assertion might possibly be founded seemed almost as unpromising as the proverbial search for a needle in a haystack. I tried without result the indexes to Hefele and Hardouin and Labbe, and it was only after a most profitless waste of many hours that chance threw in my way a number of the *Revue pratique d'Apologétique* which gave me a reference or two, and rendered the rest of my task easy. Thereupon I wrote back that the whole story was an egregious mare's-nest. To which my correspondent replied:

Monsieur X. was thrilled by your letter, but he still said he was *positive* about the Council and the souls of women. . . . He said you would find yourself in a fearful morass if you tried to contradict it. I asked him for his references. "Oh! Flaubert had written something, and Anatole France had written something." So I said: "And you dare to quote these men of fiction in a question of sober history. . . ." and we all laughed.

I have no doubt that the discussion in this instance was not a very serious one, but, as so often happens when one's attention is called to a point of this kind, it has since then been my fortune half a dozen times over to come upon the traces of the

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same preposterous story, nearly always affirmed in uncompromising terms as a fact almost as well known as the definition of Papal Infallibility. For the most part the name of the particular Council which defined that women had no souls is judiciously suppressed. When more definite particulars are given one meets the most delightful variety of attribution. Some refer it to the Council of Trent, others to a Council of the Lateran, others to the first Council of Nicæa, the remainder, with the nearest approach to anything like justification, to the Council of Mâcon in 585. But the baselessness of this absurd allegation has been so often exposed, sometimes by eminent scholars of the calibre of Professor Godefroid Kurth and the Abbé Vacandard, that though I had at first contemplated writing something on the point for the benefit of English readers, it seemed foolish to spend one's time in slaying the slain. A recent correspondence, however, which has been occasioned by a silly article in that latest and not very noble addition to modern journalism *Mrs. Bull*, seems to make it worth while to touch upon the subject, the more so that the paper, with an unscrupulous audacity characteristic of the source whence it derives its inspiration, deliberately sets out in a second article to maintain its contention by sheer bluff, professing to quote Dom Leclercq's translation of Hefele's *Councils* in support of its original statement. Upon the testimony of Dom Leclercq something may be said later on; for the moment it will be well to clear up our ideas as to the precise question in dispute.

There exists in Paris, as many of my readers may know, a journal called *L'Intermédiaire des Chercheurs*, which is in many respects the counterpart of our *Notes and Queries*. It is, at any rate, a periodical to which correspondents address letters of inquiry upon sundry questions of erudition or historical interest, while other correspondents in subsequent issues endeavour to supply the information which is thus asked for. As the general tone of the journal is the reverse of clerical, there is no reason to suspect the correspondents to whom it shows favour of any bias in the direction of orthodoxy. Now, this question as to the Council which debated whether women had souls has many times turned up for discussion in the *Intermédiaire*, and on April 20, 1902, a well-known contributor, M. Paul Argelès, wearied with this fruitless inquiry which never found an answer, summed up the results attained in the following lively strain:

The Souls of Women. But surely, you will protest, the subject has.

already been sufficiently threshed out! . . . What will you say when I tell you that having been touched upon in seven different volumes there have been seventeen different communications on this same point? You will no doubt be convinced that abundant light has been shed upon the matter. Well, I have read these seventeen communications, and I know exactly as much as I did before I began. One gives no information at all. The second refers you to numbers of the *Intermédiaire* that have no existence. A third supplies a wrong date, which a fourth very naturally declares cannot be verified. A fifth writes voluminously on another subject altogether, and so on *ad infinitum*. Let me, however, make an honourable exception for communication the seventeenth, which gives me a reference to a number of the *Polybiblion*. It is not everyone's good fortune to have in his library a complete file of that interesting journal. So off you run to the Bibliothèque Nationale. Everyone knows how easy it is in that institution to find exactly what you want when you are in a hurry, and especially when you have got it upon your nerves that there is a two-headed apparatus, called *une voiture à l'heure*, eating its head off at the door. So you fall back upon some good library in the Provinces, and there they disinter from the dust of ages the number of the *Polybiblion* you require, which sends you to the *Revue des Questions historiques*, which refers to the *Patrology* of Migne, to the *Ecclesiastical History* in thirty-six volumes of the Abbé Fleury, to the *Dictionary of Superstitions*, and to I don't know what other reverend divine.

Finally in the midst of all these complications you make some brilliant blunder, which, sending you to Gregory of Tours, furnishes the solution of the problem in just six lines.

You will understand then why I feel I have a bone to pick even with the writer of the seventeenth communication and why I ask like the man in the Comedy: "Then, why the dickens didn't you say so at once?" The more so that meanwhile the fable gaily pursues its way, and now every day in imitation of Laurent d'Ardèche, Aimé Martin, Vacherot, Girard and all the rest, the statement is continually repeated in conversation and in print that "a Council of the Church has discussed the problem whether women have souls," not a few adding that the Council decided the question in the negative. It was the Council of Trent, some pretend. No, the Council of Nicæa, say others. Well, if you must know, so far as it was any Council at all, it was the Council of Mâcon in 585, but in point of fact that assembly was an absolute stranger to the discussion which legend has attributed to it.

M. Argelès then goes on to give a brief summary of the passage in Gregory of Tours to which he has referred, and ends by hoping that the story may now go to take its place in the limbo of exploded fables, for example with the legend of Voltaire tearing open his intestines because he had been refused

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the last sacraments, or that of Galileo justifying the Copernican system by quoting texts of the Bible.

Needless to say, as the pages of the *Intermédiaire* themselves bear witness, the ghost has not been laid. The story has turned up dozens of times since then, sometimes in prints of literary standing like the *Révolution Française*,¹ sometimes in periodicals like *Mrs. Bull*, where that profound lady theologian displays her erudition by declaring that "no scholar now-a-days quotes Mansi, because he died before he could complete his work, which is notoriously imperfect and untrustworthy." Let us remark, in passing, that since the days when Mark Twain, according to his own account, told the readers of the horticultural journal he was editing, that "turnips should not be plucked, but that it was better to send up a boy to shake the tree," there was probably never a statement which so fully deserved to be noised abroad for the appreciation of experts. The pity is that ecclesiastical historians do not read *Mrs. Bull*.

As for the general futility of the attempts in the early volumes of the *Intermédiaire* to answer the question as to which Council deliberated whether women had souls, M. Argelès' description is hardly, if at all, exaggerated. One may read through them, as he did, and remain absolutely mystified. But the discussion which both then and since has been carried on in the pages of a journal so well known to collectors of out-of-the-way information, conclusively establishes the fact that apart from the alleged debate at the Council of Mâcon, there is not the slightest pretence of establishing this story upon any other basis of fact. Absolutely the only scrap of definite evidence is the passage of Gregory of Tours, *Hist. Franc.* VIII. 20, and it is noteworthy that in the official decrees of the Council as they are found in Hardouin, Labbe, Mansi, or any other collection, there is no reference to any such discussion. The incident in any case rests upon Gregory of Tours alone, who, as we happen to know, was not himself present at the assembly, seeing that it was limited to the Bishops of the dominions of Gunthram. Gregory, on the other hand, was a subject of Sigebert, and his name is consequently not to be found among the signatories. Turning then, at last, to the passage of Gregory of Tours, which has caused all this pothier, it may be translated as follows. I give the Latin original in a footnote.

¹ See an article by L. Abensour, October 14th, 1908: "Le Concile de Mâcon ne décida, dit-on, qu'à quelques voix de majorité que la femme avait une âme." (P. 333, note.)

In this Council there was one of the bishops who declared that a woman could not be called *homo*. But when the other bishops had reasoned with him, he held his peace, for they showed him that the sacred text of the Old Testament laid down that in the beginning when God created man it was said "Male and female He created them, and He called their name Adam," which means man of the earth, thus applying the same term to woman and man alike, for He designated each of them equally *Homo*. And also the Lord Jesus Christ is called the Son of Man precisely because He is the Son of the Blessed Virgin, in other words the son of a woman. To whom when He was on the point of turning water into wine He said, "What is to me and to thee, woman," and so on. And with many other testimonies also this dispute was cleared up and settled.¹

As is well known, St. Gregory of Tours, a Gaulish Bishop, living in a barbarous age after the break-up of the imperial dominion of Rome, is not the most lucid of writers. The earliest and best manuscripts we possess of his works are perfectly appalling to the classical purist in their apparent disregard of case and gender and grammatical inflections. The distinguished scholar, M. Max Bonnet, has thought it worth while to write a volume of 800 closely-printed pages on the Latinity of Gregory of Tours.² We must not then be surprised if our chronicler does not seem to narrate an incident of this sort as simply as he might have done. The very fact that he was recording what he had heard of a discussion on a point of grammar or philology would at once tend to make his language involved, and still more it would be likely to lead to the passage being badly copied at the hands of a series of not very intelligent scribes. Still, allowing for all these difficulties, Gregory's meaning is quite sufficiently clear. There is not a word to suggest that there was any discussion on the question whether women had souls. It is not even

¹ Extetit enim in hac synodo quidam ex episcopis, qui dicebat, mulierem hominem non posse vocitari. Sed tamen ab episcopis ratione accepta quievit, eo quod sacer Veteris Testamenti liber doceat, quod in principio, Deo hominem creante, ait: *Masculum et feminam creavit eos, vocavitque nomen eorum Adam*, quod est homo terrenus, sic utique vocans mulierem ceu virum [M. Omont in his edition reads mulierem Euva, i.e. Evam]; utrumque enim hominem dixit. Sed et Dominus Jesus Christus ob hoc vocitatur filius hominis, quod sit filius virginis, id est mulieris. Ad quam quum aquas in vina transferre pararet, ait: *Quid mihi et tibi est, mulier?* et reliqua. Multisque et aliis testimoniis haec causa convicta quievit. (Gregorii Turonensis *Historia Francorum*, viii, 20, Ed. Arndt in *Monumenta Germaniae Historica*, p. 338.)

² *Le Latin de Grégoire de Tours*. Paris: Hachette, 1890.

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directly stated or suggested that the incident took place in a formal session of the Council. Somehow or other it appears to have occurred to one of the Bishops present to express a doubt whether it would be correct to apply to a woman the generic term *homo*. How the question came up we are not told. It might very conceivably have been under deliberation to issue some decree which in its projected wording resembled the famous canon of the Fourth Lateran, promulgated many centuries later,—*Omnis utriusque sexus*. The Fathers of Lateran might have written, "*Omnis homo qui ad annos discretionis pervenerit*."¹ But if our unnamed Bishop had been there, I can very well conceive his raising an objection to the effect that *omnis homo* did not seem to include women too, and that consequently some phrase like *omnis utriusque sexus* (everyone of both sexes) would be clearer. Now, as it happens, there is a clause in one of the decrees actually passed at Mâcon in 585 which might very easily have led to such a discussion. The fourth canon as it now stands rebukes the behaviour of certain Christians who shirked the clearly-understood duty of helping towards the support of the clergy, and who did not bring to the altar at the Sunday Mass offerings of bread and wine. The Council apparently wishes to insist that this duty is incumbent on all without exception, and must not be neglected by any one.

Propterea decernimus ut omnibus dominicis diebus altaris oblatio ab omnibus *viris et mulieribus* offeratur tam panis quam vini.²

Wherefore we decree that upon every Sunday an altar oblation both of bread and wine must be made by all *men and women*.

Now it does not seem to me very extravagant to suppose that the decree as first drafted may have run *ab omnibus hominibus* or *ab omni homine offeratur*, and that thereupon some one of the Fathers may have objected that such a phrase did not lay any obligation upon women. It would be very natural also that the Fathers should have appealed to Scripture to prove that the term *homo* was really generic, and included both sexes, and they may have succeeded in completely silencing the objector. None the less, the common sense of the majority may in the end have seen that no harm could result from making the decree so explicit that none could avail themselves of this pretext for

¹ "Let every man who has come to the age of discretion."

² Mansi, *Concilia*, ix. 951.

evading the law. On this theory the unnamed Bishop, though confuted and snubbed by his brethren, and dutifully yielding to their superior learning, would nevertheless in the end have carried his point. All which, as I conceive, would only have rendered it more likely that the incident should be talked about, and that a rumour of it should have come to the ears of St. Gregory at Tours.

Of course, all this is mere conjecture. I only wish to illustrate one out of fifty possible ways in which such a discussion might quite naturally have arisen. The single point that really concerns us here is the fact that there is not in the language of the chronicler the faintest suggestion of any discussion having taken place about the souls of women. What conceivable reason can there be for reading into Gregory's words a meaning which runs counter to every known pronouncement of the Church either before or after? Where shall we find more eloquent exhortations to women to persevere in the pursuit of a heavenly crown than in the writings of Ambrose and Chrysostom and Jerome? Was it not precisely in the early Church that women held an official position about the altar as widows and deaconesses which in a certain sense has never been accorded to them in later ages?

Moreover we can find something in the nature of a reason why this grammatical discussion should have had an interest for St. Gregory and why it was consequently likely to be commemorated in his *Historia Francorum* if the story had reached him. As Professor Godefroid Kurth has pointed out, it has come to pass in most of the neo-Latin tongues, like French, Italian and Spanish, that the word *homo* which in classical Latin was a generic term and included both sexes, has become specific and applies strictly to the male sex alone. Of course this change did not take place at once and the period of Gregory of Tours marks in this and other matters a transition stage. Now in the use of *homo*, Gregory for some reason or other adhered to the old classical traditions, as various passages in his writings clearly show. Perhaps the most conspicuous instance is one first noticed by Max Bonnet. "Accessi," says Gregory of a pastoral visit which he paid to the Queen Dowager Ingoberga, "*vidi hominem timentem Deum qui cum me benigne excepsisset, notarium vocat.*"¹ Here

¹ "I visited her and I found a person (*hominem*) fearing God who after welcoming me most kindly summoned a notary." (*Hist. Franc.* ix, 26. (M. G. H. p. 382); See Bonnet, *Le Latin de Grégoire de Tours*, 204.)

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therefore he describes Ingoberga as *homo*—"homo timens Deum"—a person fearing God. So again in his *Miracula S. Martini*, he describes a woman afflicted with fever whose mouth was always open and her tongue hanging out, while "she could only produce a lowing noise like an animal, not articulate speech like a human being (*homo*)."¹ It is plain then that Gregory in his own practice acted upon his opinion that *homo* was still a generic term, and it is easy to understand that the venerable chronicler, who was given to being a little pedantic at times, might easily think that his brother Bishop of another kingdom had made himself slightly ridiculous in questioning whether *homo* could be used of a woman, the more so that the Scripture argument was irresistible, and Jesus Christ, whose only human parent was the Blessed Virgin, constantly described Himself as *filius hominis*, Son of man. To Gregory, probably enough, the very doubt that *homo* could be applied to the female sex seemed to savour somewhat of heresy. Moreover, it is certain that this feminine use of *homo* lasted on in isolated instances for some centuries to come, and as late as the thirteenth century we find a female vassal described as *homo nostra*.²

It would be tempting to dwell upon the larger subject of the whole attitude of the early Christian writers towards woman. Here and there among such grim moralists as Tertullian and Origen—that learned theologian *Mrs. Bull* seems to be possessed with the curious idea that both were representative Christian Fathers and models of orthodoxy—one finds a harsh phrase, just as one finds harsh phrases in what they wrote of every other conceivable subject. Has *Mrs. Bull* ever met with Matthew Arnold's sonnet:

"He saves the sheep—the goats he doth not save."
So rang Tertullian's sentence, on the side
Of that unpyting Phrygian sect which cried:
"Him can no fount of fresh forgiveness lave,
Who sins, once washed by the baptismal wave."
So spake the fierce Tertullian, but she sighed,
The infant Church; of love she felt the tide
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.
And then she smiled, and in the Catacombs,
With eye suffused, but heart inspired true,
On those walls subterranean, where she hid
Her head 'mid ignominy, death and tombs,
She her good Shepherd's hasty image drew—
And on His shoulders, not a lamb, a kid.

¹ *Miracula S. Martini*, Bk. ii. ch. 30.

² Kurth in the *Revue des Questions Historiques*, April, 1892, pp. 556—560.

And on those same walls are displayed countless inscriptions commemorating and honouring sisters, and wives, and daughters, inscriptions engraved by male hands and breathing with endless varieties of phrase the one recurring prayer for eternal repose and bliss to be enjoyed by those that God has taken to Himself. Can any sane man for five minutes together be honestly in doubt whether the Christians of the Catacomb period or of any other period believed that a woman had a soul to save?

Yet this, let me say in conclusion, has been the unequivocal assertion of various retailers of this preposterous fable, and amongst others of *Mrs. Bull*. In all the controversial discussions I have come across in a good many years' experience, I do not think that I have ever met quite so impudent a piece of bluff—I am sorry if this sounds strong, but it is the only phrase which is adequate—as the statement contained in a paragraph of *Mrs. Bull's* article of December 17th. After declaring that Dom Leclercq's *History of the Councils*¹ has completely superseded Mansi—probably no one would be more amused at the suggestion than my friend Dom Leclercq himself, for you might just as well say that Stephen's *History of Criminal Law* had superseded the *Statutes at Large*—the writer goes on:

Father Vaughan denies that the Council at Maçon (*sic*)² discussed the question whether women had souls. On the authority of his Benedictine *confrère*, Dom Leclercq, I have again to correct him. On pp. 211—212 of the same *Histoire des Conciles*, Father Vaughan will find the discussion referred to, one bishop maintaining that woman could not be classed as human . . . I will not retort that the worthy Father is ignorant, muddle-headed, &c., and content myself with advising the reverend Father never to question the accuracy of anything that appears in *Mrs. Bull*.

In other words, the writer categorically states that, according to Dom Leclercq, at the Council of Mâcon "one bishop maintained that woman could not be classed as human." Now in point of fact, Dom Leclercq through the whole of three pages argues *against* this precise interpretation. He calls the supposed decree about women's souls "the pseudo-canon of the Council of Mâcon" (p. 212), and on the top of p. 213, he declares in

¹ In point of fact Dom Leclercq has not written any *Histoire des Conciles*, but he has edited a translation of Hefele's *Conciliengeschichte*, and enriched it with long and valuable footnotes.

² The word is thus misprinted right through the article.

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unmistakable terms, *La difficulté soulevée ne vise pas l'âme humaine et raisonnable de la femme, mais le nom HOMME, homo, que cet évêque puriste s'étonne de lui voir attribuer.* I translate the words that there may be no mistake.

"The difficulty raised has nothing to do with the human and rational soul of woman, but only with the name *man* (*homo*) which this pedantic Bishop is astonished to find applied to a female."

One may appreciate after this the high value of the assurance that if you see a thing stated in *Mrs. Bull*, it is so.

HERBERT THURSTON.

Mary Stuart's Jesuit Chaplain.

I.

WHEN King James succeeded to the English throne, many were the claims on his favour and munificence made by those who had done him services in earlier days, when his fortunes were less prosperous. Amongst others who felt encouraged to approach him, by letter at least, were the English Jesuits. A little tract was quickly put together by Father Garnet's ready pen (March 28, 1603), bearing the title, *A common letter to a Scottish Gentleman of account* and in an appendix to this certain reasons are enumerated for showing favour to the Jesuits. In the eighth of these we read,

The Jesuit is alive in Flanders, who was constantly resident with his Majesty's mother in her restraint.¹

But King James, although he preferred toleration, was never able to impose his will in this matter upon the Protestant officials, through whom he ruled. Neither Mary Stuart's Jesuit chaplain nor his English confrères obtained anything from King James; and we may proceed to trace the career of Father Samerie without expecting that it should, in story-book fashion, end with a public recognition of good service and honours from royalty. Such a conclusion might, moreover, have become Father Samerie's life less well than that which in fact befell it. For in truth he shares with his royal mistress the advantages and disadvantages of being the subject of an interesting historical problem. Though his intentions were excellent, he managed to mix himself up in matters political to a degree that was highly embarrassing for his Order. Eventually, however, he retrieved his reputation by honourable activities, which, though unconventional, were within the scope of his Institute.

Henri Samerie was born on the 28th (or 25th) of January,

¹ A copy of Garnet's letter is at Stonyhurst, *Coll. P.*, f. 582. The original MS. of the reasons is *Anglia*, iii. n. 41, condensed by Tierney, iv. Ap., p. 64, n. with his usual anti-Jesuit sarcasms.

1540, of a well-to-do family, not yet identified, which seems to have settled first at Luxembourg and afterwards at Liège.¹

He was ordained priest in 1560, and soon after admitted to the Society by Father Leonard Klessel, in January, 1561, at Cologne, having previously studied at the Jesuit College there. He afterwards heard more advanced courses of Theology at Paris and Tours, and spent four years in school-mastering. As French was his native tongue, he soon passed from the German to the French provinces of the Society, and though he never acquired a reputation for learning, his abilities soon marked him out for office in the administration of the colleges at Billom, Lyons, Besançon, and elsewhere.²

In 1576, his name appears in circumstances that prepare us for much that is to follow. In 1575, Dorothy, sister of Charles, Duke of Lorraine and Barr, had wedded Eric of Brunswick-Kalenberg, a prince who, having been sickened of Lutheranism in youth, allied himself in manhood steadfastly with the Catholics. Great pains were naturally taken to select chaplains to accompany the young princess, and Samerie's name was one of the first mentioned. He was not sent, however, for the Father General of the Society thought that his skill in "Controversies" and other branches of theology was not sufficient for the post, especially as the princess might want to found a Jesuit college near her new home. Still, his capacities were such that, if a man of more intellectual attainments were sent with him, the General would have sanctioned the appointment. In point of fact, he was made vice-Rector of the College of Verdun instead on the 16th of April, 1576, and there he may well have become acquainted with the Prior of the Dominican convent, Frère Roche Marmerot, who had been chaplain to Queen Mary in Scotland before her fall, and ever remained devoted to her.³

¹ The name Samerius is generally taken as a local name "a native of Samré," Samré being a district now in the Belgian province of Luxembourg. If this is so, his true family name remains unknown to us. On the other hand, his obituary notice says, "probabiliter natus Hesdinio." (Hesdin is French Flanders, Pas de Calais), while the contemporary catalogues describe him as *Leodiensis* "of Liège," but this perhaps, only refers to the diocese of that name, which was at that time of very great extent. Father Sacchini, *Historia Societatis Jesu*, Pars v. p. 136, describes him as "natione Gallus." But this is clearly untenable, for he himself writes of King Philip as "mon prince naturel." R.O., Mary Q. S. xiv. 40, and the testimonial letter of September 15, 1584, (Nunz. di Francia xvii. 320), calls him "of Luxembourg." A discussion of these data would require local information hardly obtainable in England.

² Braunsberger, O., *Epistolae Canisii*, ii, 874, and *Catalogi Prov. Belgicae*.

³ Pollen, *Papal Negotiations with Mary Queen of Scots*, p. 519.

In 1578, Samerie was at Besançon. The scanty records at my disposal do not explain when and how it was that the Dukes of Guise and Princes of Lorraine came to know this Father so well, and to acquire a strong hold on his enthusiastic loyalty. It is clear from the request made in 1575 that the Father was even then greatly trusted by their family, and a mark of confidence of the same kind, but still greater in degree, was given at the end of 1581, when he was asked to go over to England as chaplain to Mary Queen of Scots.

Queen Mary was then still at Sheffield Castle, under the guard of the Earl of Shrewsbury. She was not allowed a chaplain, and there is no record, nor even tradition, of one having made his way to her during the twelve years she had chafed in her English prisons. It was at the danger of his life that Father Samerie undertook his new post. Yet the danger was not very immediate, for even if discovered, the probability was that some lesser vengeance would have been exacted, and concealment of his sacred character was not difficult. The circumstances of Mary's servants were so hard that some were sure to leave every year, and new ones would have to be sent in. As a member of one of these relief parties, Father Samerie went over to England disguised as "a physician,"¹ and under the assumed name of de la Rue. We do not know any other details, not even the date of his going. The probability is that he went late in 1581, or early in 1582.

Information as to the life at Sheffield Castle would have been especially interesting, but here again our records fail. A short and passing reference in a later letter suggests the inference that Father Samerie was not altogether an ideal chaplain for the imprisoned Queen. The words used incline us to believe that he allowed the tragedy of the situation, and the annoyances great and small, to which his mistress was continually the victim, to prey more deeply upon his feelings than a priest under his circumstances should have done. "I used often to tell you," he wrote after his return to France, "that if I was over here, I could do more for your service, and more for the profit of the Church, than while dwelling there. My heart was bursting to serve you in a matter which others understood very badly," and he goes on to explain that God is now with him in his endeavours "to refute the calumnies daily propagated

¹ Father Persons, *Memoirs*, C.R.S., iv. p. 54. Froude, with his usual carelessness, says he went "as a gardiner."

against you through the English by those who have betrayed you."¹

These are the words of a generous, loyal soul, but it does not therefore follow that they are ideal sentiments in the sole chaplain of the imprisoned Queen.

Later on we shall hear some feeling complaints that Father Samerie, however praiseworthy his intentions, was greatly wanting in moderation. The words under discussion are much too few to prove the matter either way. But if, as seems likely, they point to Père Henri's permanent disposition, we may surely say that it would have been better for the sole chaplain of the imprisoned Queen to have insisted, as a rule, on the supreme need of patience, and on the honour before God of enduring calumny with calmness in hope of a future reward. Father Samerie's desire to leave Sheffield may have been quite excusable; but, considering his vocation, it was not the highest object to aim at habitually.

However this may be, in September, 1582, after Samerie had been "eight or nine months" with Queen Mary, an opportunity for return occurred. To understand it we must take a bird's-eye view of Mary's affairs at this juncture. Twelve months before, Esmé Stuart, a distant relative of the Queen, educated in France, had won the trust and affection of the young King James, who was then only fourteen years old. He had been created Duke of Lennox, and had become the most powerful man in Scotland. But the fanatics of the Kirk hated him; for though he had yielded to their violence so far as to conform outwardly to their religion, it was believed, not without reason, that at heart he still inclined to the old Faith, and that if he continued to exert his present influence over the King, who also disliked the new religionists—the work of the Reformation would sooner or later be overthrown. With the aid of English gold therefore, and the strong support of English diplomacy, a plot was formed by the Anglo-Protestant party for carrying off the boy King and seizing the government; and this was in fact accomplished by "the Raid of Ruthven" on August 22, 1582.

It was a most cruel blow for Queen Mary. Never since her imprisonment had she had an ally like the Duke of Lennox, who actually held control of the principal ports of Scotland,

¹ Teulet, *Relations*, 1862, iii. p. 343. The original decipher, R.O., *M.Q.S.*, xv. 86.

and enjoyed the King's entire confidence. It is true that the blow had latterly been to some extent foreseen. King Philip of Spain had refused to assist him, and without some influence to counterbalance that of England, Lennox's position was recognized as all but untenable. Still, Mary's disappointment was bitter in the extreme. For the hundredth time had her hopes been excited, and once more had the dishonourable manœuvres of her enemies prevailed.

Yet with that great heart that never failed her, Mary at once took action, so far as her circumstances permitted. There was at the moment the possibility of sending messengers to the King of Spain, and to the Pope at Rome to entreat them to come to the assistance of the Catholic cause. De Ruisseau, the agent for her dowry in France, had just come over to give an account of his stewardship for the past year. On his return she would send him on to King Philip, and to the Pope she would send her chaplain Père Samerie. A letter of credence for him, signed by the Queen, and dated September 13, 1582, is still extant in the Vatican archives. It is however a formal document only, which does not even mention Samerie's name, but asks the Holy Father, "to give faith to the bearer, who will narrate at length all particulars. He is a man of trust, and inflamed with uncommon zeal for religion."¹ Whether any further written instructions were given, may be doubted. If they were, they would certainly have represented Mary's cause as very hopeful, if only some champion would arise to rally the scattered adherents who owned her as Queen.

Samerie did not reach Paris till nearly two months later, but as he had messages to carry to other friends of the Queen, the delay need cause no wonder. On the 6th of November the Nuncio there, Giovanni Castelli, Bishop of Rimini, announces that the Father is expected with news of Mary and her English friends; and on the 19th he wrote him another letter of credit, stating that the bearer (his name is again for safety's sake omitted) was a Jesuit Father, who desired to treat with His Holiness on many topics, both spiritual and temporal, affecting the Scottish Queen, "with whom he has tarried divers months, and has left her a short while since. I think His Holiness will not be disappointed when he sees him."² Thus commended,

¹ Theiner, *Annales Ecclesiastici*, 1856, iii. 373.

² Castelli's first despatch is printed in Knox, *Letters of Cardinal Allen*, 1882, p. 410. The second letter (Vatican Arch. *Nunziatura di Francia*, xv. 572) is among the *Roman Transcripts* (Stevenson iii) at the Record Office.

Père Henri continued his journey to Rome, which he reached about the end of the year, travelling under the name of Girolamo Martelli, and probably also in disguise, as he habitually did later on.

We may be sure that Pope Gregory, who was always interested in negotiations of this character, listened with pleasure to all that Father Samerie had to say, and approved of his transactions on this occasion, as he did more than once under similar circumstances afterwards. To the officials of his Order, however, Samerie's diplomacy became eventually, as we shall see, very unwelcome, and it is worthy of remark that we hear even now a remonstrance from Father Aquaviva, though as yet only a gentle one. On the 14th of January, 1583, the General wrote to the Provincial of France expressing surprise that one of his subjects should have been allowed to come to Rome without special permission from thence, but the excuse is immediately added, "We suppose that there must have been some great and unforeseen reason."¹ There is possibly an innuendo in the words "we suppose." Aquaviva had perhaps not yet been made fully acquainted with the business which Samerie is carrying on with the Pope. Evidently the General was not pleased; and as our story proceeds, this will become clearer.

We next hear of our Padre from Sir Anthony Standen, who had been in Mary's Court during her reign in Scotland, and who was now living in exile at Florence. There he met Samerie on the return journey from Rome, and Standen understood that he was going as far as Scotland to interview King James, but would first turn aside towards Loretto.² Perhaps this diversion was made in order to strike off towards Bavaria; for Samerie visited Duke William about this time, as also did the Bishop of Ross, and won that potentate for the cause of Queen Mary.

After this Samerie probably passed down the Rhine to Liège, where he did some business for his mother, and then went on to Paris, and reported progress to Father Aquaviva. The General's answer (3 July, 1583) follows the same lines as before. He is glad to hear that the padre's journey has benefited his mother, whom he has commended to Father Francis

¹ Archives S.J. *Epistolae ad Galliam*, ii. f. 1. There are, for obvious reasons, restrictions on indiscriminate visits to Rome in almost all Orders, and indeed a Papal inhibition on that subject has only lately been renewed. Besides coming to Rome without permission, Samerie had come under a pseudonym, and also, presumably, not in his Jesuit habit.

² *Scottish Calendar* (Boyd), vi. 509.

Coster, the Provincial of those parts, but as to his other business, "I have nothing to say to it."¹ That was not encouragement. In fact, it was plain reproof, though of a gentle character. That there was as yet no serious umbrage taken at Father Henry's journey is shown by his being named at this very time for profession of the three vows.² In point of fact, however, he did not make his profession at this time, nor for another decade. That he did not take them at once is probably due to the mere accident of his not being at home when the General's letters came. The long delay which ensued is easily intelligible from the story that is to follow.

In July, it seems, another opportunity had occurred for him to visit Queen Mary, and he had gone to Sheffield once more, escorting some new servants for the Queen's household. On his return he gave Mendoza an account of what he had done, and the Ambassador wrote of the interview as follows in his dispatch of August 19, 1583.³

A cleric, whom Hercules [the Duke of Guise] had the opportunity to send over, has been to visit me. The occasion was the coming of two Scottish ladies from France to serve the Queen. The same priest has been to her once before in similar circumstances. He had told her of the resolution which Hercules had taken, and that it would be well to come to an agreement with the Catholics of her party, in order to make the *empresa* practical.

This cleric, I understand, stayed with the Queen last year, and as soon as he returned to France Hercules sent him to the Pope, from whence he passed to Bavaria, to treat with the Duke about the expedition. He gave me in the name of Hercules a detailed account of the plans adopted, and also of what he and his brother's effective force would be for that purpose. Considering the manner in which the King of France proceeds with them, [driving them] to take up arms either in that kingdom or in England, Hercules would wish that it were for the service of God [to do] so in this kingdom. That would also contribute to the good of all Christendom, and to the liberation of the captive Queen.

We see from the concluding words of Mendoza's letter that the internal affairs of France were now exerting a greater influence on the Duke of Guise, than the cause of the Queen

¹ Archives S.J. *Epistolae ad Galliam*, 1583, ii. f. 20.

² *Ibid.* f. 25, under date, "Kal. Augusti."

³ R.O., *French Correspondence*. Stafford gave a pass to De Ruisseau, 24 July, 1583. Fuensanta, *Documentos Inéditos*, 1888, xcii. p. 524; *Spanish Calendar*, p. 500.

of Scots. As we proceed we shall find that this tendency grows constantly stronger. To Mary's affairs little attention is paid, and little information about them is given. But there fortunately exists in the Vatican Archives an instruction, from Mary to Samerie, of about this date, which tells us much. The following is a much-condensed summary of them.¹

INSTRUCTIONS FOR HENRY SAMERIUS FROM THE QUEEN OF
SCOTLAND.

Father Samerius is empowered to deal for Mary both with Christian Princes, her relatives and friends, and with the Pope. The first reason for sending him is her desire that her fellow-princes and the Holy Father should learn the truth about her, from one who has been on truly intimate terms with her. It will be a consolation to her to know that they learn the truth about her sincere love for them, and for the religion which they cherish; and she trusts that they also will find a true pleasure in hearing a complete account of her from the mouth of such a messenger. He must tell them of her ceaseless afflictions and miseries. Of the indignities practised by her gaolers, of her failing health, and of the frequent occurrences of dangerous crises, so that she is barely able from day to day to endure the weight of her calamities, to say nothing of the deprivation of mass, and of the free exercise of her religion "a daily and perpetual torture." If Christian Princes would reflect on these things they may be moved to compassionate her case, and to see what just and worthy cause there is for doing something for her liberation.

She wishes it, however, also to be understood that she has still on her side forces of no common kind. There is the silent sympathy of thousands. Some, indeed, have assured her of their fidelity by written bond. She is certain of many of the nobility and gentry both Catholic and Protestant, and of the greater part of the common people. She is so sure of their support that it is unnecessary to make experiment of it before the time comes. "If they heard of any expedition they would not be able to restrain themselves, but would betray themselves or the undertaking by their joy, their gestures, or their words." If the enterprise begins by the way of Scotland, which she would prefer, the whole of the north of England will be ready for her side. In four days, according to the custom of the country, they might be under arms.

As for the danger of her being killed, she does not believe that danger to be serious. Yet, however great it may be, let not the attempt

¹ Vatican Archives, *Varia Politicorum*, cxvi. p. 229, Latin. Probably a translation by Samerie himself from a French original. There is no date, but the internal evidence points clearly to the period 1583—1585, and the earlier year seems the more probable. There is a transcript R.O. Stevenson, iii. p. 259.

be given up, for she will gladly die in so just a cause, for the restoration of the Catholic religion.

To the Pope Father Samerie will explain the Queen's loyalty to the Church, and thank him for his kindness, especially towards her son. He has promised her that he will be converted, in letters signed by his own hand, and she will do all she can to effect it. She feels sure he will be in time. If however he should not, she even now disinherits him, and invokes malediction upon him. However, as he already abhors the Protestant ministers, his conversion would be secured if he could be taught better, or visit Rome or Madrid.

As for her own Catholicism, she never dissimulates her religion, nor allows a word to be said against it without a protest. If God should restore her to the throne, she promises a restoration of all Church property, and to allow the Pope to settle any necessary readjustments of ancient rights.

As to the expedition for her release, though the chief motive should be the eventual restoration of true religion, yet she hopes it will at first aim at "defending the true succession," and freeing the Queen of Scotland, as in that case all English and Scottish Catholics, and as it were all the people of England would be on its side.

Finally, she prays for speed. She may die, James may be married to a Protestant, or confirmed in heresy, or even "depraved (and report says this is now taking place) so that he may be for ever unfitted from seeing and following what is right." If Elizabeth dies, some worse heretics may seize the throne, &c., &c.

She hopes that the Duke of Guise may command the expedition, with the support of Spain and Rome. Money should be sent at once to help our friends in Scotland to fortify, and some Englishman of repute [Allen is meant] should be created a Cardinal.

If however nothing at all can be done for her aid, she will no longer be able to make head against the calamities that oppress her, and "will hide herself in some corner," and prepare for eternity, for she feels that in her utter desolation, she is gradually wasting to death.

Here we see Mary to the life. Her transcendent courage, her boundless hopes, and her sanguine expectations for her boy, her limitless confidence in the loyalty of her followers, and in the goodness of her cause. Reckless of her own life, tender to friends, yearning to be understood, with this went the acutest sense of the wrongs done to her, and malediction "even now" pronounced against her son unless he fulfils his promises in the matter of religion, though against her open foes no charge or cavil. While the fire of life and health is sinking ever lower, the courage of the soul soars higher and ever higher. Can we wonder that her chaplain, forgetful of stay-at-home duties, wandered

from Court to Court pleading her cause, justifying her from calumnies, carrying her messages of love and tenderness to friend and relative, and then returned to her in her prison to bring back to her their sympathy, and to minister the consolations of religion? I see that the good Padre was eventually carried by zeal into extremes which I cannot for a moment defend, and I own that the whole procedure is anomalous in the highest degree. Samerie will, now-a-days, probably be praised by most people, so far as his objects and intentions are concerned. The difficulty arises when we endeavour to decide on the blame due to his want of balance and moderation. But before we can attempt this we must complete, so far as we can, our account of the Padre's wanderings.

The year which followed the receipt of the instructions just quoted seems to have been devoted to the unconventional form of life which he had lately begun to lead; living outside his religious home, without his regular habit and under an assumed name. His itinerary seems to have included both Scotland and Spain,¹ but no details of his journey are known to me, and I conjecture that he passed from friend to friend of Mary's, occupied with her defence, and soliciting promises of moral and material aid for that visionary *empresa* for which no soldier was ever to be enlisted. It is also probable that he began about this time to employ himself in the affairs of the Duke of Guise, and the reorganization of *La Sainte Ligue*. From the letter of Mendoza already quoted, his interest in the Duke's political plans is evident, and in the summer of 1584 a series of events took place which led him to take up that policy with enthusiasm. But before this happened he paid Mary, in the summer of 1584, a third and, as it turned out, a last visit, and was back in Paris on the 15th of September.²

Mary's circumstances were at the time undergoing a great change, which for the moment seemed helpful to her cause, though it afterwards led to fatal results. The Earl of Shrewsbury was no longer her gaoler, and the Queen was eventually handed over to the hard and hateful Sir Amias Paulet. In the mean space there ensued a slight relaxation in the surveillance over her. For though her temporary guardians were more malevolent than Shrewsbury, they had not his experience in

¹ In the letter R.O. *Mary Q. Scots*, xiv. 39 (18-28 November, 1584), Samerie alludes to a letter written by himself "from Scotland."

² Arch. Vat. *Nunz. di Fran.* xvii. 320.

cutting off the approach of outsiders, nine out of ten of whom were sympathizers. She was also allowed to go to Buxton in June for her health, and in September she removed from Sheffield Castle to Wingfield Manor. During this period of change Samerie managed to visit her for the last time, and it seems likely that he brought with him another priest, Camille du Préau,¹ who managed, under the disguise of a valet or of a reader, to remain with Mary until the end. Thus, therefore, when Samerie returned, which was probably in August, he could no longer in strictness be called the Queen's chaplain, though he continued to consider himself her servant, and was as earnest as ever in working for her interests. Five letters of his written to her during the ensuing twelvemonth tell us much about their mutual relations. In fact, our only intimate knowledge about their intercourse comes when the official bond between them has been severed. Yet it is extremely hard to give any brief account of the subject of their correspondence, for it deals with the great change which had come over her fortunes, and indeed over the prospects of Europe, during the second half of the year 1584. However, as Father Samerie's fortunes were as much involved as those of the Queen, some attempt must be made to explain the kaleidoscopic changes then taking place.

It will be remembered then that in the year 1581, Mary's best chance had seemed to be a coalition of Catholic powers, who might have found an entrance into the kingdom through her friends in Scotland. Now all that prospect had changed. Not an atom of help was to be expected from France. The Duke of Alençon died on June 10, 1584. Though in life he had been a fire-brand and a mischief-maker of the worst sort, his death was bound to lead not to peace but to a bitter war of religion. With him died all hopes of a male heir to the house of Valois, and the claimant of the throne was Henri de Bourbon, then a professed, indeed a relapsed Calvinist.

Rather than accept his rule, the Catholic majority would without a doubt rise in arms; and the Duke of Guise, the foremost champion of the Catholics, would equally inevitably

¹ The precise date of du Préau's arrival is not known. He was presumably not at Sheffield in 1583, for the *Instruction to Samerie* says Mary had then no religious services at all. But he had arrived before the end of 1584, when Samerie sent him greetings (R.O., *M.Q.S.*, xiv. 106). As Samerie says that this was the fourth letter sent without receiving any news back, the acquaintance with du Préau may well have dated from midsummer.

take command of their forces. Accordingly, on the 23rd of July he notified the French Nuncio that under present circumstances he could not leave France, however necessary his service might be in case of an expedition for the liberation of Queen Mary.

This was however, not the first but the last refusal to act in her cause which Mary received at this time. Philip of Spain had refused so frequently, that it was now finally believed that he would do nothing in her favour, even though in the judgment of many, it was his true policy to procure her freedom, if necessary, even by war.

In her son James of Scotland, too, Mary now perceived a great change for the worse. Though she did not by any means give him up, she saw that his *rapprochement* to Rome and Spain was cooling. She knew that he was surrounded with temptations to go any length on the downward path. She had been told (as we have heard), that he was being systematically tempted to what was base, in order to wean him from the love of honour and high principle. I trust that she was mistaken; but under the circumstances she could no longer count much upon his aid. Thus by the latter end of the year 1584, Mary realized that she could expect no aid either from France, Spain, or Scotland. But at the same moment a fresh ray of hope began to shine from a very different quarter.

So long as James recognized his mother, he was logically bound to acknowledge her title, and by consequence to admit a defect in his own. Mary therefore, proposed an "Association" in the royal dignity between the two, and Elizabeth was to be a party to the alliance. Such an "Association" would have brought with it many obvious advantages. It would everywhere have reconciled the conservative and legitimist parties. It would have united the nobles of Scotland, delighted the Catholics of England, and have received the moral support of the rest of Europe. Thus Mary had a new asset wherewith to negotiate. Her status was improving: new hopes were enkindled.

Mary, ever sanguine of eventual success, was at this time warmly in favour of the Association, and it is an indication of Father Samerie's independence of mind, that he was decidedly against it. He believed, and the event proved him so far right, that the Protestant party would never keep faith, when the interests of Mary or of Catholicism were concerned. He also

believed, and in this he was hopelessly wrong, that Mary's restoration by force of arms was still practically possible. It can hardly be a mere coincidence that the last letter of Queen Mary which can be considered as in favour of the *Empresa*, was one which he probably brought back from her. On January 5, 1585, Mary wrote to her ambassador in Paris explicitly abandoning the policy,¹ and by sending Nau to treat with Elizabeth she had practically renounced the old policy in the face of the world. If any argument is needed to show that Mary was sincere in her change of policy, it may be found in the great care with which Père Samerie dissuades it. The subject is one to which he continually returns.

Yet it must not be supposed that the first and only object of the Padre's correspondence was political. It is true that he had admitted politics into his thoughts and writings, to a degree that cannot be defended; and that their fascination was gaining more and more upon him. But the main object of his letters to Mary was to give the prisoner that consolation which she valued most, the assurance that her friends abroad still loved her, and sympathized with her. Besides this he passed on the words of counsel and advice which her friends suggested. As these friends were all persons of some importance in the political world, it is inevitable that they should speak after the manner of their kind. This accounts for most of the political sentiments expressed in this correspondence.

Another circumstance to be borne in mind is that we only know of Father Samerie's correspondence with Mary through letters intercepted and preserved by enemies. We can hardly doubt the possibility of their having discarded as useless many spiritual and sympathetic passages, which we should consider of special interest.²

Only one letter from Mary to Samerie has survived, and it fully bears out what has been said about the character of the correspondence. Mary, we see, enjoyed his long missives, and took pleasure in reading about her friends, but paid little heed (in this case no heed at all) to his practical and political advice. In fact I fancy she smiled at the good man's simplicity in offering it, for what indeed but simplicity can have induced him to hint that *La Sainte Ligue* would exact revenge from her, if she came to terms with Queen Elizabeth. But his great

¹ Labanoff, *Lettres de Marie Stuart*, 1844, vi. p. 76.

² Of Mary's correspondence with a spiritual guide, we get a good idea from her letter to Père Edmond Auger, one of Samerie's confrères. (Labanoff, v. p. 71.)

frankness clearly did not displease. He had passed some very outspoken condemnations on Mary's Ministers in various places of trust, and impeached the good faith of those who controlled her correspondence. Samerie, I feel sure, had Morgan in mind, but Mary thought he meant her secretaries, Nau and Curle. She reminded him that no prince in the world could please everyone, and assured him that his misgivings about her secretaries were unfounded. Still, she thanked him for giving the advice, and assured him that his intentions will always be accepted for the best. Nau added a note strongly assuring his correspondent that every word which reached the hands of the secretaries was faithfully brought before the Queen. It should be added that later on, when Mary's papers had been seized, Walsingham endeavoured through his secretary, Milles, to make Nau accuse Samerie of being a busy-body or something worse. But Nau stood quite firm for the Padre, showing that he too bore no grudge for the simplicity and *franchise* of the worthy Luxemburger.¹

Two topics of Father Samerie's letters call for a word of notice: his zeal for the Scotch and English *émigrés* and seminaries. They are always mentioned in terms that do credit both to the writer and to his correspondent. The other is his interest in the defence of Mary and the Catholic cause in general against the books published by their opponents. He mentions for instance, that he has helped Robert Turner, then Rector of the University of Ingoldstadt, to answer some of the charges of Buchanan. He also advises Mary to read Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Allen's reply to Burghley's *English Justice*. This she eventually did, and thanked the author for his work.

These letters, however, being written after Samerie had left Mary's service, are naturally occupied very largely with the undertaking to which he was now chiefly devoted, the foundation of *La Sainte Ligue*. As a sequel to his work for Mary, his labours on behalf of the *Ligue*, and afterwards as an army chaplain, which involved him in many adventures and strange situations, cannot be passed over in silence. The virtues, and the shortcomings, which he developed in Mary's service, now run to great extremes. But the description of these adventures and of their not infelicitous termination will require another article.

J. H. POLLEN.

¹ Labanoff, vi. p. 349; R.O., *M.Q.S.*, xix. n. 105.

Glow-worms.

DESPITE the name given it in various languages (French, *ver luisant*, German, *Johanniswurm*), the glow-worm is not a worm at all, but a beetle, a true insect, with the orthodox provision of six legs, and, in the case of the male, four wings ; including a pair of shards, or elytra, after the fashion of beetles. The female however retains permanently the habit of the larva, both wings and wing-covers being wholly wanting. She has consequently to confine herself to the ground or such moderate heights as she can reach by climbing grass-stalks, while her mate soars aloft high in air till he is enticed down by the signals she hangs out to tell him of her whereabouts.

Many of us in youth were doubtless acquainted with Cowper's edifying history of the Nightingale and the Glow-worm, founded, as he tells his friend Unwin, on what he believed to be a fact in natural history, that glow-worms are the proper food of nightingales. In this particular instance, the bird after singing all day is ready for his supper, and spying his natural prey proposes at once to make a meal of him ; but perceiving his intention the "worm" proceeds to harangue him so eloquently, as to make him alter his design, urging that they should both be grateful for the accomplishments severally bestowed, and, that each, while making proper use of his own, should not interfere with that of the other. So persuasive was the discourse that the bird renouncing his intention proceeded to seek a meal elsewhere.

These admirable sentiments are no doubt quite in accord with the character of the little creature as exhibited by the poets, but naturalists who have studied its life-history have a rather different tale to tell ; in particular that prince of observers, the veteran J. H. Fabre, who has recently given special attention to the subject.¹

It appears in fact that the glow-worm is not only a beast of prey, but in its treatment of its victims is exceptionally

¹ *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, October, 1909.

iniquitous. These victims are chiefly small snails, upon which it feeds principally, if not solely, during its larval stage. It is doubtful whether the adult male takes any food at all, and it must be very difficult to observe the habits of so diminutive a creature which is ever on the move, travelling fast and far. Some have thought they caught the female browsing on plants, but it is by no means certain that the observations can be depended on. As to the larva, however, there can be no question.

It will perhaps be reckoned to the glow-worm's credit that if it operates upon living victims it does not fail to administer an anæsthetic before it begins. This is done by means of a pair of grooved forceps with which it gently nips its victim as though fondling it, having first waited till the snail has been compelled to expose himself sufficiently for the purpose. Through the tiny ducts thus introduced some natural chloroform is administered, which takes immediate effect, the mollusc at once losing all power of movement or resistance and being forced to surrender itself helplessly to the operator. It is not, however, killed, or paralyzed, as are the caterpillars or crickets which ichneumon-wasps store up to provide fresh provisions for their brood, and if not further maltreated will presently come to itself none the worse for such an experience. In the ordinary course, however, it is not left to itself, some other drug being injected which liquefies the substance of its body and converts it into a sort of broth which can be absorbed by suction, several of the worms sometimes gathering to enjoy the banquet thus provided. So thorough is the disintegration of the unhappy snail that when the shell is inverted all its contents, if not already consumed, are found to run out, and so speedy is the fate overtaking its former occupant that no change of position is found to have taken place, and it remains adhering even to a smooth vertical surface, which clearly shows how instantaneous was the stroke. As for the truculent little butcher itself, it is enabled to keep in position by a special apparatus which affords a sufficient basis for its operations, and also furnishes the means of performing an elaborate toilet when these are satisfactorily completed and it emerges from the shell it has rifled.

It is not only in the provision of such murderous instruments that nature has exercised her skill on behalf of the "worm," but, quite in accordance with the puzzling ways of evolution, although the tribe to which it belongs—at least in

some of its members—is said to be the most imperfect or primitive of all the beetle race, some of the instruments provided for it are of quite exceptional development. Thus in the case of the "Railway Beetle" of Paraguay,—so called because of the red and green lights displayed by the females—the males possess antennæ which are amongst the most highly developed known, being furnished on each side with a long appendage densely covered with pubescence of a remarkable character.¹

Our indigenous glow-worms, though they cannot boast of such elaborate signal-lights as their South American cousins, doubtless owe their fame to their modest powers of illumination, which likewise suggest problems not very easy of solution.

As to the nature of their light, in the first place, though naturalists are by no means agreed, there seems little doubt that, contrary to what might be thought the obvious explanation, it is not due to phosphorus. But, whatever be its origin, a still more perplexing question is offered by the prodigality with which it is distributed. As M. Fabre says—from beginning to end a glow-worm's life is a debauch of light; the eggs are luminous, so are the larvæ; the adult females are regular lighthouses; the adult males keep the lamps they had as larvæ. The difficulty is to discover, or even imagine, what is the use of it all; for we have been taught to take it for granted that the possession of any quality by an animal clearly proves that it has given him or his ancestors an advantage in the fight for life, and enabled him to take his share in the process of Evolution. In the case of the female insect, no doubt, this can be understood. As Gilbert White supposed,² and naturalists in general now agree, her vesper-lamps are signals to the males soaring aloft, and their mild effulgence, "like sparkles from the moon," which light up banks and meads in summer time, serve the same purpose as did the beacon which guided Leander to Hero across the Hellespont. But what of the males and immature larvæ? Their luminosity is no doubt much less than that of the adult female, and is confined to the terminal segment of the abdomen, showing itself on the dorsal as well as on the ventral surface, whereas, in addition to this, her far more brilliant illumination on the two segments next in order is confined to the under

¹ *Cambridge Natural History.*

² *Ibid.*

side alone, and is thus invisible when the creature is on the flat, so that in order to advertise her presence she has to mount some such eminence as a grass-stalk. But however limited these light-giving powers may be, what are the males and larvæ doing with them at all? What, asks M. Fabre, is the object of all these fireworks? To his regret he is obliged to confess that he does not know, probably never will, and so has to satisfy himself with the conclusion that philosophers will find lessons in the fields beyond any furnished by their most learned books. Some have explained this lucescence of the males by the amusement and excitement which it causes to others of their sex ; which, if not very convincing, serves to show the straits to which those are reduced who profess to discover an explanation for everything they meet with in nature.

More easy of comprehension is the utility of the optical apparatus wherewith the high-flying male is provided, for he is equipped with a pair of very serviceable binoculars, enabling him to find the partners of whom he is in search, though they cannot prevent him from being often deceived by human lamps and tapers and coming to grief in consequence. Here again it is clear that Evolution has had all its work cut out for it in elaborating the various machinery exhibited in the life-history of this lowly "worm."

J. G.

The Obscurity of St. Paul.

And account ye the long-suffering of our Lord salvation, as also our most dear brother Paul, according to the wisdom given him, hath written to you : similarly in all those letters of his, when he speaks in them of these matters ; wherein are *certain things hard to be understood* which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, to their own destruction. (2 Pet. iii. 15, 16.)

APART from their common grace of Apostleship and all that it involves, St. Peter may be conceived to stand in relation to St. Paul much as nowadays an honest working-man, whose schooling had not gone beyond the Sixth Standard, stands in regard to a cultured University graduate. Exceptionally gifted though he was by the *charismata* of his vocation and aided by the fact that he belonged to the same race and the same epoch, it is not surprising that to the older and simpler Apostle certain passages in St. Paul's Epistles should have seemed "hard to be understood." Still less wonderful is it that these same letters should bristle with difficulties for the modern reader, who lives in a world so different from that which they suppose. We do not easily comprehend what St. Paul meant because we have only an imperfect idea of what St. Paul was. We have to construct with much labour and little success a mental picture of the man—his character, his aims, his mentality, his training, his limitations,—before we can even hope to grasp his full message. For, of all glosses on a text, intimate knowledge of the writer is the first and best. And, after that, comes acquaintance with the time and circumstances of his writing, the ideas current amongst his contemporaries, the whole atmosphere of the society in which he lived. Furthermore, his work must be viewed in its entirety, so that part may interpret and supplement part. This is especially the case as regards St. Paul. We cannot, indeed, say that he is revealed in his letters as Cowper, or Horace Walpole or Madame de Sevigny in theirs, for the Pauline epistles for the most part are doctrinal treatises ; still,

there is much revelation of self and of surroundings embodied in them, and all must be taken together in order both to grasp the doctrine expounded and to fill out the picture presented by the Acts. St. Paul is his own best commentator.

Thus a considerable amount of preliminary study, much more than the average Christian has time or ability for, is required for the due appreciation of these first records of the Christian tradition. To get at St. Paul's meaning, the reader must always remember and make allowance for his own different mental atmosphere, which makes it hard to catch the force of allusions and metaphors: he must try to realize the entire intellectual outlook common to St. Paul and the audiences he addressed. He must also take into account that he is reading the words of a Saint, of one on a much higher level of spiritual attainment than himself. The Apostolic dictum—"The sensual man perceiveth not the things that are of the Spirit of God"¹—is true in proportion in regard to those who are not altogether spiritual. Only God's wholly docile sheep hear His voice quite distinctly, whether He speaks within or from without. And thus it is that of all commentators on the Scriptures those are best worth listening to, whose lives give evidence that they practise what they have learnt. Once again, the student must have clearly before him the material surroundings in which St. Paul wrote or dictated his several letters, the occasion which suggested them, and the character of the communities or individuals to whom they were addressed. The defects, then, of our own equipment—ignorance or inadequate knowledge of these different matters—must necessarily render many passages obscure.

Another, less remediable, cause of obscurity concerns the substance and form of the Epistles themselves. They deal with the facts of revelation, with matters beyond the scope of natural reason, with sublime mysteries. Eloquent though he was, a master of language,² St. Paul often despairs of communicating what he knew of the divine nature and action. "O the depth of God's riches and wisdom and knowledge," he cries out to the Romans, "how unsearchable are His judgments and how untraceable His ways!"³ Again, his message was a new one,

¹ 1 Cor. ii. 14.

² No other New Testament writer has so large a vocabulary as St. Paul, who has 816 words peculiar to himself.

³ Rom. xi. 33—Greek text.

he had to find words and images for ideas never expressed before. So unique were the conceptions which he delivered that it is a commonplace amongst rationalistic critics, who look upon Christianity as a man-made system, to base its peculiar dogmas on the teaching of St. Paul, and to speak of different and opposed schools of Apostolic doctrine. Consequently, we may expect to find at times those new conceptions obscurely or inadequately expressed. And we must add to this the style which was peculiar to the man, highly metaphorical, allusive, unpolished and abrupt, fashioned on rabbinical models and touched with Hebrew idiom, overcharged with the burden of his thought, and often breaking down grammatically under the strain—the style of a natural orator who was not a rhetorician, who disdained the studied harmonies of language, and who is difficult to follow on account of the very vehemence of his utterance.

But these obscurities, due to difference of "atmosphere," profundity of thought, sublimity of subject, peculiarity of style, are all enhanced for most readers by the fact that they can only approach the Apostle's meaning through the medium of a translation. All the inevitable defects which attend expression in a widely-different language, and transmission through long ages, and, it must be added, the gratuitous hindrances due to faulty arrangement of matter, stand between us and the thought of St. Paul. It would seem incredible, were it not the fact, that the message of an Ambassador of God, the very mouthpiece of the Almighty, unfolding to us truths of the most transcendent importance, should be treated in a fashion in which we should be loth to treat a pagan school-classic, should be flung before us in a guise which not only ill accords with its dignity, but renders it much more difficult of apprehension than it need be. If that message for one cause or another is in places obscure, that surely is a reason for doing what is possible to elucidate it, whereas our practice in our printed Testaments has ever been, both by defective translation and bad editing, to involve it still further in darkness. As a result, it is safe to say that St. Paul is rarely read for devotional purposes, and the stimulating effect of his entire self-devotion and his burning love for our Lord is so far lost to the faithful. It is our own fault: the author is edited badly, printed badly, translated badly. As to the last assertion, no one who has had to read to his congregation, Sunday after Sunday, given passages from the Epistles can have failed

to reflect that very often the words he uttered might as well have remained in their original Greek for all the meaning they conveyed. And this, not because of the difficulty of the thought, but because of strange and clumsy phrases, confused structure, obsolete expressions, ambiguous words and such-like removable defects.

What we are asking for, then, amounts to this—that St. Paul, being on many accounts a difficult author, should be treated with at least as much consideration as we bestow on Thucydides, and should be presented to the devotion of the faithful with all possible aids to correct understanding. Some years ago the writer made a similar plea with regard to the Word of God as a whole,¹ but feeling that a new translation (decreed, by the way, over half a century since by the Second Provincial Synod of Westminster) could come about only through the initiative of the ecclesiastical authority, he confined his practical suggestions to the matters of editing and printing. Such emendations would do much for St. Paul, for what is wanted for the entire Bible is wanted most of all for these Epistles. It is therefore greatly to be desired that a beginning could be made with them. But whilst it is true that the abolition of what we may call gratuitous obscurities, those, *i.e.*, induced by arbitrary verse-sections and chapters, and the absence of ordinary typographical aids, would effect a vast improvement in intelligibility; whilst, moreover, careful and scholarly editing, providing in notes and introduction the contemporary “setting” of each Epistle, would clear away many difficulties, there would still remain many obscurities due to downright mistranslation or to the changed connotation of words. So that a revised translation is really imperative.

This brings us to the question of language. In regard to the first and chief requisite for a good translation, *viz.*, that it should express as far as possible the exact meaning of the original—must it necessarily be effected in modern speech? That seems to be the idea of the authors of a Protestant *Twentieth Century New Testament* before us, for they say in their Preface:

This translation of the New Testament is an endeavour to do for the English nation what has been done already for the people of almost all other countries—to enable Englishmen to read the most important part of their Bible in that form of their own language which they themselves

¹ See, “Wanted: a Readable Bible,” *THE MONTH*, May and June, 1908.

use. It has its origin in the recognition of the fact that the English of the Authorized Version (closely followed in that of the Revised Version), though widely valued for its antique charm, is in many places difficult, or even quite unintelligible to the modern reader. . . .

We believe that the New Testament will be better understood by modern readers if presented in a modern form; and that a translation of it which presents the original in an exalted literary and antiquated dress, cannot, despite its "aroma" and the tender memories that have gathered around it, really make the New Testament for the reader of to-day the living reality that it was to its first readers.

Reasonable as this view may seem we cannot altogether accept it, for it proceeds on the assumption that a translation cannot be "literary" and even "archaic" and, at the same time, perfectly intelligible. A man's "reading" vocabulary extends far beyond his "speaking" vocabulary, and the more educated he is the greater the disparity of range between them. Even the despised man in the street, whether he be in the roadway or on the pavement, is habituated through the tuition of the newspapers with large numbers of literary graces which he never thinks of using in his own speech or writing. The risk of unintelligibility resulting from archaism has been much exaggerated; to drop unfamiliar words from the Bible merely because they are unfamiliar would be to do a real and unnecessary injury to literature. And where is the process to stop? If we are to substitute "Look here!" for "Lo!", why not "Right oh!" for "Amen"? And are we to have a *Twentieth Century Shakespeare*? The poet was writing his masterpieces about the time that both the Douay and the Authorized Versions of the Old Testament were being published, and his prose language is just as archaic as theirs. Due recognition has not been made of the fact that the invention and spread of printing has arrested the natural growth and decay to which a merely spoken language is liable. The two centuries between Chaucer and Shakespeare form a very much longer "literary" interval than the three which separate the latter from us. Furthermore, the vogue of Shakespeare himself, and, if we may say so reverently, of the English Bible, has actually preserved in current literary use many phrases and forms of speech which otherwise would have become obsolete. The written language of three hundred years ago is still easily intelligible, precisely because it has been universally read during all that time.

There is this further consideration against revising our New

Testament with the aim of turning it into ordinary speech, viz., that the New Testament is not an ordinary book. It is a divine book and a book with a history. If the accident of time has conferred a certain dignified aloofness upon its language, so much the better: so long as that does not make it obscure, it suits its character the more. St. Paul, it is true, wrote in the vernacular of his day, but it is equally true that he celebrated the divine mysteries in the ordinary dress of the time. A return to common speech for the clothing of his thoughts would give us a shock of the same kind, if not of the same intensity, as would the sight of a priest celebrating Mass without the ordinary liturgical garb. Moreover, in an historic institution like the Church, it is not amiss that traces of her origin and her contact with successive ages should be visible in her literature as well as in her services. Our Rheims version dates from Elizabethan times and, despite its many angularities and occasional grotesqueness,¹ it is full of the spirit of that great literary epoch. Like the Authorized Version itself before the official revision, it has been gradually changed and improved in successive editions both by Bishop Challoner and others, but its essential characteristics have not been impaired. It is true, many individual words have so lost their force or become so ambiguous as really to misrepresent the meaning, and sometimes, logically connected clauses have become accidentally separated, and thus emendation becomes necessary. Intelligibility and correctness are the first requisites. That unfortunately was not the rule at Rheims; according to the views expressed in the translators' preface, they were determined "not to mollify the speech but to keep to it word for word," with the natural result that the sense was often obscured.

But their attitude was really a protest against the license which unauthorized translators allowed themselves, and may be considered a fault on the right side. For the temptation "to mollify the speech" of St. Paul, at any rate, is very great. The Apostle clearly did not set himself to write "literature." Whatever artistic effects he actually produced were due to the spontaneous devices of a born orator; he was emotional and vehement both in character and in speech and, having a mind steeped in Old Testament imagery, he could hardly help setting forth his thoughts in multiplied metaphors. He abounds in the figures

¹ So good a judge as the late Father Coleridge, S.J., says of it: "That translation has often been decried, but I am persuaded that it is as beautiful and as accurate as any that exists." (*Life of our Life*, Preface.)

to be found classified at the end of our grammars. Even in his didactic passages we look in vain for the close-wrought rhythmical word-texture of Plato. If the translator, therefore, is to be quite faithful, he must at times reproduce the harshness and abruptness of his original. Then it is that the temptation to re-write and re-arrange St. Paul becomes very strong: so little is needed sometimes—the insertion of a connective or disjunctive, the expansion of a half-expressed idea, the construction of a logical bridge between two separate themes—but the result would be a paraphrase not a translation, a rendering of what St. Paul may have meant, not of what he certainly said. Paraphrases are useful, sometimes even necessary, but they should not appear in the text.

However, our purpose is not to enlarge upon the difficulties of translating St. Paul, but to show how much needless obscurity our present faults of translation and arrangement have thrown about his meaning. We have not to go far to find such faults and it may be helpful here to collect some examples. First of all as to arrangement. The very first letter with which the collection opens illustrates a common defect of editing. Verses 1—7, which are printed continuously with the others, are simply the address of the epistle, and should be set apart from the rest. It is true that St. Paul with his usual impetuosity, here and in similar places, lets his thought run away with him—to speak without prejudice to divine inspiration—and, being so full of his glad message, cannot contain himself but pours it out, so to say, on the very envelope. Still, it cannot be denied that the doctrine in these verses is quite in parenthesis and the formal document does not begin till verse 8. We may now contrast visually the old and the suggested arrangement, taking, for shortness' sake, only the first ten verses.

THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS

[*Douay Bible.*]

CHAP. I.

PAUL, a servant of Jesus Christ, called *to be* an apostle, separated unto the Gospel of God,

2. Which he had promised before by his prophets in the holy scriptures,

3. Concerning his Son, who was made to him of the seed of David according to the flesh,

4. Who was predestinated the Son of God in power according to the spirit of sanctification, by the resurrection of our Lord JESUS CHRIST from the dead.

5. By whom we have received grace and apostleship for obedience to the faith in all nations for his name.

6. Among whom are you also the called of JESUS CHRIST :

7. To all that are at Rome the beloved of God, called *to be* saints. Grace to you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord JESUS CHRIST.

8. First I give thanks to my God through JESUS CHRIST for you all, because your faith is spoken of in the whole world.

9. For God is my witness whom I serve in my spirit in the gospel of his Son, that without ceasing I make a commemoration of you.

10. Always in my prayers making request, if by any means now at length I may have a prosperous journey by the will of God to come unto you.

If we were not slaves to tradition in these matters we should probably print the above as follows :

THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS

INTRODUCTION

*The
Apostolic
Greeting*

To all those that are in Rome, beloved of God and called to holiness,—Grace to you and peace from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ !

[*So wisheth*] Paul, bondman of Christ Jesus, by calling an Apostle, one set apart to tell those Good-Tidings of God, which by His Prophets in the Holy Scriptures He had formerly promised [us], concerning His Son, (who, according to the flesh, was born of the seed of David but, according to the Holy Spirit by rising of the dead, was miraculously designated Son of God), even Jesus Christ our Lord. From Him it was that I received the grace of the Apostolate, to win, for the glory of His name, obedience to the Faith throughout all the nations, amongst whom are you, you the elect of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER I.

**The Apostle's
gratitude and
hopes**

First, then, I give thanks to my God through Jesus Christ for you all, because your faith is proclaimed throughout the whole world. God, whom I worship in my soul in telling the Good-Tidings of His Son, is my witness that without ceasing I make commemoration of you whenever I pray, entreating, if God so will, that somehow, even now, after all this waiting, I may succeed in reaching you.

We do not claim that either translation or arrangement is perfect, but we do contend that at any rate St. Paul's meaning is much clearer in the second case and the matter more pleasant to read. The disappearance of the verse-sections is a great boon in itself. Their utility is undoubted—for the preacher

and the student—but to the mere devout reader they are an unmitigated nuisance. His convenience is needlessly sacrificed to the requirements of other classes of people.

The Epistle to the Galatians affords another excellent instance of the advantages of rational editing. We have the usual introduction in verses 1—5 with the usual intrusion of doctrinal matter into the greeting. And the rest of the letter falls into well-defined and logical divisions to which the chapter-arrangement holds no possible relation. But this epistle may serve to illustrate the frequent necessity of a change of phraseology for clearness sake, which occurs throughout the whole of the collection. For instance—

i. 13 "conversation" = "manner of life"

i. 15 "separated me from my mother's womb" = "set me apart even before my birth"

i. 16 "I did not condescend to flesh and blood" = "I took not counsel with kith and kin"

ii. 2 "according to revelation" = "in obedience to a revelation"

"those who seemed to be something" = "those in authority"

"lest perhaps I should run . . . in vain" = "lest perhaps I should take a wrong course"

ii. 6-10: one long sentence, with two parentheses and two temporal clauses before subject and predicate are reached: needing rearrangement to prevent obscurity

ii. 14 "walked not uprightly unto the truth of the Gospel" = "acted not straightforwardly in accordance with Gospel truth"

ii. 15 "and not of the gentiles sinners" = "and not sinners of gentile origin"

iii. 19 "ordained by angels in the hand of a mediator" = "set forth by angels through the agency of a mediator"

iii. 20¹ "a mediator is not of one" = "a mediator implies more than one person"

iii. 24 "our pedagogue in Christ" = "the leader of our early steps to Christ"

iv. 2 "tutors and governors" = "guardians and stewards"

iv. 3 "in bondage under the elements of the world" = "our lives were perforce regulated by the motions of sun and moon"²

¹ According to Father Rickaby, *Notes on St. Paul* (in loco), this verse has been explained in some 400 different ways!

² This is obviously a paraphrase, and should appear only as a foot-note. No substitution of simpler terms could make the text any less obscure.

iv. 8 "But then, indeed, not knowing God, you served them who by nature are no gods"¹="Formerly, because you did not know God, you were the slaves of 'gods' which in truth were no gods"

iv. 15 "where then is your blessedness?"="what then has become of your self-felicitations?"

iv. 18 "Be zealous for what is good in a good thing always"²="It is always good to be admired on good grounds"

iv. 20 "change my voice"=either "alter my tone" or "give way to tears"

v. 11 "Then is the scandal of the Cross made void"="The preaching of the Cross ceases to be a stumbling-block"

v. 13 "for an occasion to the flesh"="to give scope to carnal desires"

vi. 4 "But let everyone prove his own work, and so he shall have glory in himself alone, and not in another"="But let everyone examine his own conduct, and so his self-satisfaction will spring from self-inspection, not from comparison with others."³

With greater care and a finer mesh we might have easily collected a far larger number of points for emendation in the translation of this Epistle alone. But enough, we trust, has been done to prove how needlessly the sense of St. Paul is obscured in our current versions. Surely, out of very reverence for the Divine Message the time is come when the scholarship which is buried away in learned commentaries should be made the property of all the faithful, and enable that Message to have its full effect. A suggestion the writer ventured to make in his former essay, viz., that some publisher should issue an English edition of the Bible merely for devotional reading, beginning with the New Testament, may perhaps be narrowed down to this—that the Letters of St. Paul should be made the subject of this enterprize. One eminent publisher actually did respond to the previous appeal, but his was a non-Catholic firm. The glory of such a new departure should surely belong to Catholics, for to the Church has been committed the guardianship of the Divine Word.⁴ Not long ago, an eminent Catholic nobleman produced

¹ Here over-literalness alone obscures the sense.

² This is another instance where a faulty reading makes nonsense. See Rickaby, *Notes on St. Paul*, p. 266.

³ Once more a paraphrase. The text is a mistranslation.

⁴ We may meet the objection that the Vulgate, the ordinary version from which our English translations are made, is being revised and that, therefore, it were better

at great expense a fine translation of the Roman Breviary. Equally worthy of such munificence and likely to be of wider use would be the translation we are recommending. But a "reading" edition say, of this one Epistle which we have been considering—to restrict the experiment finally to that—would not require much outlay, and that, we feel sure, its success would amply repay. If there has been no demand on the part of Catholics for such forms of spiritual reading, it is largely because the Scriptures have never been presented to them in worthy fashion. We have editions excellently printed and bound, but disfigured for reading by mutilation of the text. We have editions with the text in its natural state, but full of faults of translation and cheaply produced. We have, of course, many editions for students where the faults are corrected and all sorts of helps given to determine the sense. But,—we have no edition which attempts to combine all excellences and to offer for the satisfaction of the soul of the devout reader what St. Paul actually wrote, in a manner worthy both of the writer and his subject.

J. KEATING.

to wait till the revision has been made, by pointing out that there is no obligation to use the Vulgate for vernacular translations. But of course it should always be made the standard of reference.

The Ideal Biography.

Again I read Marlborough's Life by a copious Archdeacon who has the command of immense papers, of sonorous language, of what is called the best information; and I get little or no insight into this secret motive which I believe influenced the whole of Marlborough's career, which caused his turnings and windings, his opportune fidelity and treason, stopped his army almost at Paris gate, and landed him finally on the Hanoverian side—the winning side; I get, I say, no truth, or only a portion of it in the narrative of either writer, and believe that Cox's portrait or Swift's portrait is quite unlike the real Churchill.

(English Humorists.)

THACKERAY was hard on biographers when he wrote that sketch more than sixty years ago. Yet which of us after reading even the best of modern "Lives" would accuse him of exaggeration? Do we not for the most part put them down, feeling that we have at once been told too much and too little? It is not that we suffer from unsatisfied curiosity merely, but rather from a sense of baffled sympathy; for in spite of "sonorous language" and "the best information" we are presented with a nebulous personality, blurred representations of unaccountable developments, significant facts stated without their significance, and we grope after the soul in a cloud of contradictions. There are in the lives of all, little or great, determining influences, shaping moments, that leave their bent on the soul, on the life, on the lives of others, sometimes on a whole nation, for, as Mr. Yeats puts it, "the powers that history commemorates are but the coarse effect of influences delicate and vague as the beginning of twilight."

The inner road of any one of us does indeed "wind all the way," whether uphill or down, and its very windings are just the things that interest the few who, patient and detached, seek with insight and love the journeyings of man to God. If "the one thing worth showing to mankind is a human soul," it must be known first, and we are not known exactly by our recitatives, our consistencies, our straight ways, but by our apparently uncharacteristic deviations. Why did we take that turn there while other feet went straight? Why? The answer is written clearly enough in the soul's texture, and is dimly to be seen

through the veil that has been woven over it by the way—woven of wind and weather, of our meetings and partings, of nights and days, of friends and foes.

Here at this spot stood some duskily-outlined messenger, and we walked up to him and things were never the same again with us. There was a corner behind us on the road of life, and in our souls there were tints and shadows, or light of sun on hills that were dark before, and in that light we wound on to the music of a new melody, sung out of the heart of the impulse that was with us.

Or it was a gusty corner that we had turned and the light went out and we stumbled on in the darkness and discord.

The shaping influences, and how they shaped, the causes and the effects—these are what we seek in the lives of saints or sinners, and what we too often miss, until someone with the seeing eye and the feeling soul comes by and points them out. For instance, much has been written of St. Patrick, yet it has seemed to some of us that a few paragraphs of a very modern book help us to press in nearer to the Saint than any previous writer would allow. In *The Fair Hills of Ireland* Stephen Gwynn says :

When we first hear of him he is a slave herding on the hill slopes of Antrim. And we have his own authority that the district where he herded beasts under the cold sky was the place of his spiritual enlightenment, the school of his inner man. . . . For a time he saw only with the eyes of the body and looked out angrily on the barbarous hills that imprisoned a free-born citizen of Rome . . . for he tells us that before his capture he was in spiritual darkness. "I did not believe in the living God nor had I from my infancy ; but I remained in death and unbelief until I was greatly chastened, and humbled by hunger and nakedness and that, too, daily."

The great distinguishing moment came to him there alone among the pagans, and the boy turned a corner on the winding road—a turning that decided not his life but ours, for we are forever of our past and people. Later, when free and at home, came to him in dreams the call of "the people by the western sea," and hereafter the path for him went one way. This sympathetic commentator brings us to the Saint's *Confession*—written, as he says significantly, "in the Latin of one who had come to think in Irish" !—and here we realize again how many of the so-called "Lives" have but tended to obliterate him. It is impossible to read this short autobiography without our hearts going out across the centuries to the heart and soul of

one who was so steeped in humility and simplicity, nor can that style for which the Saint apologizes so fully to the good pedants of his time, hide from us the heart of one who loved men, and gave himself away utterly to them, bringing such a harvest to Christ.

Few are in this measure like St. Paul, St. Patrick, or St. Philip Neri, yet in their varying ways the Saints were all intensely human, and unless we do realize this we shall never see more than the surface of their sanctity. We are coming to think this, but we have not half grasped it yet, for in the Saints, as in no one else, the human has been at grips with the divine. Whether long or short, the fight was fierce, and in its various phases the "natural man" grew better defined, more thoroughly sounded, by the saint, for he came to know experimentally what remains vague and untried to those who shrink the conflict.

In the progress of the world through time many influences carry the centuries by, men are swayed by various spirits. The present is not, it is granted on all sides, a literary age. Phenomena, not their causes, or tendencies, or relations, are the objects of study. Yet this too will pass, and it would seem not unlikely that literature—psychological chiefly—will come to be of supreme interest. Matter, its laws, its powers, its constitution, these retain their fascination, and are still prolific in wonder; but more wonderful still to man is man himself. And though the ages hitherto have not omitted the study of the soul, yet we believe that the possibilities of that study are only just beginning to be realized. Introspective works of fiction have indeed abounded, and imaginary characters have been dissected with the fine eye of genius; still, it has been genius dissecting its own creations—a far different thing from genius turning its search-light on the workings of the divine in man. Hence a time may be coming when literature, as exercised in spiritual biography, may have an interest and value, and a vogue not hitherto enjoyed.

Is a real biography impossible? The history of the past years shows us that what is difficult is in the end more thoroughly done, as it calls for the supreme effort, and of all subjects for human endeavour biography affords the best stimulus. A good biography is a treasure which is both intrinsically valuable, and further draws worth from its rarity. We do not want to know falsehood about any one. Who cares for it? Who cares for the edifying erections that can be constructed on national partiality, or misdirected zeal, or pious conjecture? On a lie nothing worth building is built—while

from the truth seen aright and clearly set forth only strength can come. Do we think that we shall not find God, in whom we live and move and have our being, in the lives and thoughts of men? If we do not, it is too often because we lack patience, or love, or insight—and if we lack these, and the sense of things spiritual, we had best leave biography alone.

"The one thing worth showing to mankind is a human soul," says Browning—and of all men in modern times he has perhaps done most to show it as he saw it; as he saw it, for it will be said that one man can never see another, only a combination figure of the other and of himself. Still, the saying must not be pressed too far: though we must grant that in studying a poet's work we have two souls under observation. We think we are engaged in contemplating the one presented, but we are never unconscious of the artist, the more interesting of the two. In biography, however, real biography, the artist should disappear almost as entirely as the man of science should behind his researches and conclusions, and set before us merely God and His creature, as he had discovered them in that human career—God sometimes against, sometimes with, never away from the man: the man, consciously or not, struggling towards God or turning aside from Him. Whatever his subject did, the artist should never lose sight of the beginning and term of the journey.

Will some one do for a real man or woman in prose what the poet of the soul does for it, under figure and image, in *The Hound of Heaven*, or what Wordsworth bravely attempted and greatly failed in doing? Many powers and much fearlessness must combine in such a writer: he might at first fail to attract, but gradually the spirit of man would respond to the truths presented, and turn from those *simulacra* of men and women with which the galleries of literature are full, figures as real and true to life as the gentlemen and ladies who smirk and pose on the advertisement pages of our fashionable journals.

Not all lives ought to be written? Well, there is no life in which God triumphant or resisted, or missed, cannot be seen, none in regard to which He is not waiting to be vindicated, though in many subjects the work would defy the powers or insight of the artist. Still what the poets have dreamed of men have often done, and may do. Wordsworth aimed greatly in the *Excursion*, but he could not, in the limits of his craft, give as he wished, "the authentic comment" on humanity, "piping solitary anguish," or on

. . . The fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricaded evermore
Within the walls of Cities.

The ideal biographer must enjoy a full measure of that prophetic spirit, that finds a "metropolitan temple in the hearts of mighty poets" but, as I think Mr. Birrell somewhere says, the man who has a philosophy should not wait to hitch it into verse, and so the biographer, though his subject might touch him to song, should not choose that vehicle to which to harness his thought, though he may pass it by with regret. The biographer of our dreams should have the soul of a poet, the observation of a scientist, and the faith in God of a saint. He should know how to appreciate detail when significant, to wrest the heart out of the apparently trivial and, above all, to scan the windings of the life, to pause over the footprints at the turnings on the way—biassed with no theories of what ought to have been done, but seeking patiently what is quite another thing, what he did do, and why he did it: such a writer must ever be a pioneer, prepared to face much exploring of unknown continents and sailing of uncharted seas.

"What man knoweth the things of a man, but the spirit of a man that is in him." Obviously, the best we have in this kind are *Confessions*—St. Augustine's, Rousseau's *Maria Bashkirtseff's*,—or reproductions that amount to self-revelations, as Boswell's *Johnson*. Yet, autobiography may deceive: men may not know themselves or care to share their self-knowledge. "Enough! thou hast convinced us that no one can be a biographer"—we may say after the Prince in *Rasselas*; subjects abound but artists are lacking. Could we combine the faith of the saint and the gifts of the patient scientist which we above desiderated, with the spiritual insight of a St. Ignatius, or a St. Philip, the elaborateness of a Pater, the lucidity of a Newman, the sincerity of a St. Francis of Assisi,—yet the perfect biography would be still out of reach. For of each of us there is only one true "Life"—written in a book of which God keeps the key. What a wonderful reading there will be in the flashlight of the Day of Revelation! We shall read not only our own biographies, but, if we have room for other interest, those of all the world. And then only we shall see justified the ways of God with man. For whatever our mode of intercourse thereafter may be, one word and all it stands for will surely have gone from our minds,—there will be no more *misunderstandings*—we shall know even as we are known.

M. PHILLIP.

Six Months of the Journey.

II.

March 12th. At Hugh's but not happy: far from it. Yes, *Je mourrai seule!* I have been ill with anguish in the form of a terrible headache and nervous prostration all day—it is a red, red day! Hugh at intervals says, "poor old thing," and I think really feels for me. Mrs. Malaprop has tender moments, and touches me immensely by occasional marks of sympathy. Though it is Sunday, neither of them expect anything from me in the way of church-going, seeing what a worm I am. I retire early to bed, and the day has been like a sick dream!

March 13th. This is my last day in England. I began it by going to Hugh's church for Communion. In the morning I sat with Hugh in his study: later, I walked with him. A friend came to lunch. In the afternoon it was Mrs. Malaprop's "At Home" day. After a while I came and sat in Hugh's study again, and gazed at the expansive back of his head while he busied himself with correspondence. A curate dropped in. I did not hate the curate. Our talk all day has been of airy nothings—of trifles light as clouds! words, words, words!

March 14th. And so England, life, Hugh, farewell, farewell! Mrs. Malaprop was so good as to take me to the station, where I met Diana. Another unutterable day of the horror of travelling and distressing movement, and I am here in Bruges! I sink into a downy bed in a butter-shop lodging, kept by an amiable woman whose language I feel no courage in speaking, and so again, *Je mourrai seule!*

March 15th. Will one feel like this when one is dead? Nobody knows one; the whole people is of a different faith, which is what hurts me the most (since that is the Catholic faith); no recognition of us in any face; no one in the whole town knows about us. One is like a phantom, and wonders if

one is really visible and audible—or is everything illusion? Phantoms in a phantom world: ghosts that come and go! Surely, we have no right to be here! Who are we that we should come to live in somebody else's country? Who wants us here? Who would have invited us, had they known our intention of coming? It is the sheerest impudence, this kind of thing; none but an English family would have committed such a madness! I feel inclined to apologize to the people in the street: "Excuse me, I am English, but I cannot help it; I was born so!" but there would be no more sense in a ghost's apologizing than there is in her intruding!

March 16th. Of course it is rather amusing getting ourselves and our furniture into our new house. It is a charming house, quaint and picturesque, situated upon a *quai*, with a sparkling canal dividing us from the houses on the opposite *quai*. Cobbles pave all the streets and the footpaths. At nearly every street corner is a shrine of the Immaculate Conception. There is one at our corner. One meets numbers of priests in *soutanes*, Carmelite and Capuchin monks, nuns, pious-looking old women in black cloaks. The streets are astonishingly empty; there is a deadly silence often; but when any vehicle passes along, the noise on the cobbles is tremendous.

The belfry is inexpressibly lovely; chimes, such as should soothe the wildest breast, ring every quarter of an hour. One can hear them well from most parts of the town. They are clear, and the tower is high.

But how foreign and homesick I am. A terrific thunderstorm is raging at the moment. Nothing seems real; and least of all, oneself.

March 17th. Letters from Hugh, from Rosamond, from Violet, from Laura, to cheer and welcome me to this foreign country! No—there was none from Hugh—that was a mistake!

March 18th. The day is busily employed in making curtains, arranging rooms, going for short exploring expeditions, walking into churches—to *look* at them. We are exceedingly foreign, and have a feeling of being trippers, come to stay! What could be more vulgar? I was told by Hugh and others that once having seen the Church abroad, I should be cured for ever of my Roman tendencies! I go into the churches, therefore, to look for a cure!

Sunday, March 19th. Mabel and Diana have sought out the "Temple," which is the English Church—Protestant.

I wandered disconsolately to the Cathedral at 11. High Mass was over; there was no music; a great rood-screen hides the altar from the people; the church was crowded. One could see nothing, and hear nothing—but the bells, which I do not understand. More than ever, I felt like a ghost, roaming in a sphere to which I do not belong.

March 20th. We have a Flemish servant, who to our delight speaks remarkable English. A large funeral passed this morning. Marie informed us: "It is a rich miss, who goes to the pit!"

March 21st. I have written many letters and worked a great deal at the curtains. We went to the *Béguinage* and on to the ramparts; it is all beautiful; the silence and the austerity of the place are quite impressive—and that beautiful *carillon* that makes music all the time! These new influences are soothing! I often end, as I begin the day—by going into a church—then I realize at once that I have not on the wedding garment!

March 23rd. I go sometimes to the seven o'clock Mass at the Jesuit Church, which is very near. One of the Fathers, with the most spiritual face, kneels a great deal in the church. I feel that I shall be obliged to speak to him some day. I wonder if he comes into the church so much, to attract heretics into her fold! From the name on his confessional, I see that he is Père Foulon. He looks like a saint! I do not see how they can suspect me of being a heretic—though I feel sadly guilty—for I do nothing remarkable, except abstain from the sacraments; but then, for all they know, I might receive them at another church.

Sunday, 26th. I heard an English sermon, preached by the *Abbé*—at the Convent R—. There was Benediction in the beautiful little chapel. The cure is working ill. Another "jewelly parenthesis of pathetic happiness!" pathetic, indeed! The sermon was about Extreme Unction.

This morning I heard part of a Mass in *Notre Dame*. The Temple I have not seen.

March 27th. Some people must mistake me for a real Catholic—our Marie does! This is a melancholy satisfaction, and makes me feel worse than ever.

March 30th. I am engaged in writing long letters to Hugh; chiefly theological in matter. I am intensely miserable—in these churches, which are to cure me for ever!

April 4th. Père Thibault is preaching a course of sermons.

this week at the Jesuits'. I have heard him most days. To-day the subject was the authority and infallibility of the Church!

April 5th. Diana exclaimed: "Much better to be a Roman Catholic at once, and have done with it!"

But these sermons! The Père preached about authority—and heretics! *He preached at me!* According to him, the only thing that matters is obedience—to submit to authority once found—to make oneself as a little child, to be perfectly humble and to recognize one's mental limitations . . . and this is where poor heretics err: by ignoring this one point of obedience, in order to magnify points that do not matter in the slightest, if they are true or not—such as the *validity of Orders!* He implied that, even if one had Orders, and was not commissioned by the Infallible Church—one could not forgive sins . . . (then, have I *never received absolution?*) He said a Church without Infallibility is *no Church*; and there is only one Infallible Church—the Church which is the only one that claims to be so (*not* the Anglican).

Then Orders—if we have them or not—it seems, *make no matter!* Hugh, and his Orders, go for nothing—*nothing!* Ah, *mon Dieu!* That was my one *raison d'être*. . . .

April 6th. Upon my "Anglican death-bed," I am beginning now to bristle with a kind of resentment against the real Catholics, who will have nothing to say to me—who look upon Hugh as no more a priest than a crossing-sweeper.

The question whether, through schismatic Orders, one's sacraments were valid or not, seemed to me to be *everything*—but, if that is *not* the question, but instead of that, the great point is *authority*, and apart from it, *nothing counts*—surely, in place of, "how *can* I go?" it ought to be, "I *must* go. . . ."

I am sick at the thought that all Bruges will be making its Easter Communion—our Lord is truly here, upon these altars—and I dare not approach them. I am going to make an attempt, however, but first, I must say something to some priest.

April 7th. So yesterday I went into the confessional of Père Thibault. In bad French I told him that I had not come to confess, but to say that I wanted to make my Easter Communion; that I was not a *Roman Catholic*, but an *Anglican Catholic!* That I did not wish to be baptized, or to be received into the Roman Church, but I wanted him to give me permission to go to Communion! . . . The Father was charming to

me. He told me that I could not be allowed to receive Communion, unless I desired and consented to be received into the Catholic Church in the usual way—would I do this? If it was the *condition he made*, in order that I might receive the sacraments, I said I would. Then he told me he was leaving Bruges the next day, so could not attend to me himself, but would I promise him to go to a certain priest? I could not catch the name or address he gave me, but I promised him, for my intention was to go immediately and speak to one of the Fathers—so I left his confessional—and this morning, at the 7 o'clock Mass I walked into that of an old priest, Jesuit, who, I was told, spoke English; but it was an English of sorts, and not equal to converting a heretic. He said: "Ah, you want to be a Roman Catholic?" in a tone of pleasure, wished me *bon courage, mon enfant!* but referred me to the *Père Supérieur*, who "spoke very well English!" Immediately I went to the *Père Supérieur*. He told me to come to him again in three days.

April 8th. I once vowed to Hugh that whatever happens I shall always consider that HE (whatever other Anglican parsons may be) is a true priest—and that the sacraments I have received from HIM are true sacraments! These strange notions that cling to me, my objection to conditional baptism, my anger with Rome—are my *Anglican ceremonies!*

Tuesday, April 11th. The *Père Supérieur* sent me to the nuns of the R—. I hoped he would have received me quickly himself, and it would be done. I am bristling with unaccountable and hateful feelings that I have never imagined before. Why does he send me to nuns? I was so afraid of the feeling of resentment that rushed over me when he suggested it, that I felt bound in reparation to obey him exactly, without letting him know how I disliked it. Now that I am "going over," actually rushing "into the arms" of Rome, my only way is to be obedient, and to bring myself to that "little child" state that they make so much of. But I cannot account for all these new, dreadful prejudices. The devil, it seems, is making a particular effort to hold me back. At least, it cannot be said—as Hugh has said—that I go because "I want," because "I like," for, at this moment, I feel an absolute repulsion for the step I am taking—I know not why.

April 12th. As if possessed—and I think sometimes I must be—I actually propounded to the Rev. Mother the ridiculous

Branch Theory! I told her it is because I am in Belgium that I want to be a Roman Catholic; that in England I was very well as an Anglican! Of course this will not do at all! I never did really think that there could be several mutually exclusive branches of one Church . . . but until I heard that sermon on Infallibility I did trust that the Anglican Church would *do*—that it was a sort of dangling, broken branch, but a *true* one, conveying the sacraments—but now this dangling branch has fallen—before Authority! The one essential thing is that one must be in union with the See of Rome, or one cannot be in the Church!

It is terrible to be like this—to feel so proud and unyielding—as it were, not in my right mind. I know I am on my Anglican death-bed—I was not prepared to become delirious!

April 13th. I am intensely unhappy. A letter comes from Hugh. He says: "The Roman question is simple enough. If your conscience tells you that you ought to be an R.C., become one—but remember that it can only be on the ground that you sincerely believe that your soul's salvation depends on it. And remember what the change implies . . . it means that you are bound to say that you have not received sacramental grace all your life—that all your absolutions and Communions have been shams, that I have no more ministerial power than a crossing-sweeper! Have you ever studied the form of anathema in the Creed of Pius V.—to which you would be obliged to subscribe? . . . As to details, you know my bigotry well enough to be aware that I personally would never speak to you on any subject relating to your religion, and as to having you to stay in my house, when in reality you held that it is only through a legal figment I have a right to be there—inasmuch as I should in your eyes be no priest—the idea is impossible. If you remain as you are, your simple duty is to receive Holy Communion at the English Church in Bruges, just as frequently as you would if you lived next door to St. X.'s . . . You can't make yourself a Belgian, but you can turn your back on our Lord and all He has done for you."

It resolves itself into two parts: the salvation of my soul—yes, if my soul is to be saved I must be a Roman Catholic certainly—I have felt this since I was nine years old!—that seems simple enough! Next, I must no longer believe in Anglicanism, or more particularly, Hugh! I must *abjure*! This seems hard, and disagreeable; Hugh is such a large fact

—it hurts him, not to be believed in! He has a very solemn way of saying the absolution. It will hurt me dreadfully to give him up, never to speak with him, not to believe in him. Suppose I wait for a while, and try to forget everything! My God, my God! But Hugh's last remark was quite wrong: I know well enough which way our Lord is calling me!

April 16th. These nuns are wonderfully good and patient with me. Mother S. has given me a book to read: *The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost*, by Cardinal Manning. I went again to see her. I was very constrained, and we did not say much. I wish now I had not so hurried to speak to the Jesuits. Could I not have waited a little longer...?

April 18th. Gloomy, terrible days! Raining without; within, Cimmerian darkness. I go to Mass nearly every day, and feel more and more like a pariah in the church. I lie awake at night, composing long letters to Hugh, which I write by day.

April 19th. Apparently, we are all very gay. There is something new and quaint to see every day. Some nice people have called upon us. The first feeling of strangeness has passed off, and I do not feel quite so much inclined to apologize to the people in the streets for being here.

Friday, 28th. Another awful letter from Hugh: "... There is, as I told you before, one thing only of real importance, and that is whether you entirely believe that your soul's salvation depends on denying the validity of all your sacramental life hitherto, and entering on a condition where you believe you will receive sacraments. My belief is that you desire to become an R. C. because you like it... not in the least because you have studied the question, or have in any way examined its history. You talk casually of the Roman Church as being infallible... inspired by the Holy Spirit. I do not doubt the latter, because it is part of the whole Church, which is the domicile of the Holy Spirit, but assuming the former epithet... when did the Roman Church become infallible?... in 1870, when the Pope made himself so? Are you under the impression that there ever was a Roman Church in England? Never! the first words of *Magna Charta* are *Ecclesia anglicana sit libera*. For many years certainly the English Church was in full communion with the Roman...."!
... Oh, Hugh! words, words, words. What shocking rubbish! It seems, then, you admit that the Holy Spirit inhabits the

Church, and yet that she has never been infallible! And what strange prerogative does your "invincible ignorance" suppose the Pope arrogates by the definition of infallibility? What do you think of Christ's definition: "The gates of Hell shall not prevail. . . ."? And that remarkable conjuring trick of yours, by which you try to imagine that the Catholic Church in England was a protesting, anti-Roman body! When Hugh talks about *history* in that manner, one can only gasp. Why, it is *history* that strikes the Church of England clean out of existence! It is *history* that convinced me of the Roman Catholic claims in my infancy! It is just the Catholic Church that *has* a history! Other Churches are but ephemeral, recent creations! He continues: "you would be bound to hold that only my 'invincible ignorance' could avail for my personal salvation, and I must decline to admit that ignorance!" Most damning word of all, my dear Hugh! By that sin fell Lucifer, and Luther! "No doubt, the priest or nun who talks to you would quibble out of this, but the fact remains. Finally, my own feeling is that you ought to make the best of the English church in Bruges, and never to enter a Roman church at all, as you cannot trust yourself. . . . It was no part of your duty to go to a course of Roman sermons. . . . You must do what you *sincerely believe* to be right and take the consequences either way. If you become a Roman, of course it is impossible that you and I can ever be what we have been, as I should not for a moment tolerate the superior pretensions of perverts—not that you would exhibit them to me, I know, but I could have nothing to do with one of my oldest and dearest friends who was bound to hold that I am not a priest."

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! I cannot do it yet—I know it is *le premier pas qui coute!* But it costs me too much!

April 29th. So I write letters to the *Père Supérieur* and to *Mère S.*—to tell them that I am quite unable to see them again, or to proceed with this matter for a time. I give no reason. I have none. It is only courage that fails me!

April 30th. Sunday. And this morning, this was what I did. With a thick veil on my face (moreover, none of the English people, nor the chaplain, know me,) I found my way to the Temple, and took Communion. I came home, sick—ill—in despair—and retired to bed with a fearful head at 2 p.m. History repeats itself. I seem to have a second time done this awful thing—turned my back directly upon light—for a man, Hugh!

May 6th. Oh, I write long and gay letters to my friends, and get in reply delightful effusions. Fortunately, for my diversion, I am of a clique of good letter-writers. To write reams of nonsense eases me wonderfully of my miseries. I have said nothing about churches to Pelham or Mary, and most delicately they refrain from pressing the point with me. I thank them for their beautiful tact.

May 12th. I am miserably ill and weak, and I hear such strange noises—it is very disturbing. A somewhat tardy letter of consolation comes from Hugh; he has never hurried in the slightest, when I have been in dreadful straits. I shall never forget when mother died, and I heart-broken, longing for him to come and say something consoling to me, he took no notice of me for *three days*, and then *sent* for me! I walked the long way to the vicarage, weeping—to hear him say, “poor old thing!” It seemed to me barbarous! Well, this consoling letter says: “I am truly glad that you have written to Mother Someone—as, while recognizing all Anglican weakness, I still think that, when seen at its best, and it has a right to be judged at its best, it is the purest setting forth of the Gospel since the time of the Apostles. . . . Roman Catholicism crushes out the individual. Protestant dissent exalts him—but the Church Catholic, as represented by its English expression, holds him in his right place.” . . . Ah, Hugh, Hugh! You always admit that your Church is weak and absurd! Who has ever convinced the Roman Catholic Church of being weak and absurd?

The Catholic Church—the Mother, mighty, consistent, authoritative—never changing—when all other bodies change, hesitate and fall around her! Oh, I have seen her in glimpses, all my life! *I have seen her face!* How can I forget it?

May 13th. Yes, *I have seen her face!* Or, as Cardinal Newman, “I have seen a ghost!” Yes, *Je mourrai seule!*

May 18th. *Je mourrai seule!* I write to Hugh—and am waiting—waiting for courage!

May 31st. *Je mourrai seule!* Why, in the world, does not Hugh answer my letters? I have poured out all my soul, and all my mind, and all my theology! to him.

June 1st. Ascension Day. I have prayed with all my heart for a sign. To-day, Ascension Day, I was wonderfully light-hearted and happy, for apparently no reason—there was something coming to me, something good, I felt. Behold a letter from Hugh! In answer to pages and pages and pages of my

soul, my deepest soul, my most sacred soul—he replies—in three lines—"you write very nicely and sweetly, but of course I can't in the least agree with you, and wish you could lay your hands on such a book as Mason's *Faith of the Gospel*, and study him on the word 'Catholic.' " Nothing more—*nothing!* He *does not send me this book!* I am, as it were, struck in the face by this—this *vacuum*, where I had appealed to a friend! It is as if I had tried once more to say: "Thou art Hugh, and upon thee . . ." and behold I awake, and *Hugh is not!*

Hugh, then, is *done with*, is gone, no longer exists, and the sign is given me! I am, as it were, in a cloud of joy, for at the High Mass at the Jesuits' this morning, there was a white spirit everywhere—the church, the Mass, the sunshine—were gorgeous! And then, the message of to-day: "I go to prepare a place for you!" rings in my head all the time! How I thank Hugh for those three inspired lines.

June 2nd. I am come into a little oasis of joy and of certainty; the sun shines every day, and, for the moment, all my clouds seem to be lifted up—at least I know exactly what I have to do! I must become as a little child and go back to the very beginning. I went this morning, after that yesterday of illumination, to *Mère S—* to place myself in her hands for instruction "as soon as possible and without any more stops!" Our book is to be the Penny Catechism, no other. I want to be a Catholic at once—quickly!

June 9th. I write in a gay and frivolous style to Hugh about a new gown—the kind of letter to suit and amuse him. I send him some tobacco for his birthday, and he of course will immediately suppose that the religious question has evaporated from my superficial mind, and that neither he nor I are going to trouble any more about it. He never has made any allowance for souls, this charming, dear man—and now my poor soul has renounced him, and all his works, for ever. I cannot predict whether his friendship will continue or cease, and do not intend to take that into consideration at all: though in my secret heart I believe I shall mope away with melancholy when he eventually casts me off. At present I am not mentioning my soul any more to him—instead, I send him tobacco!

June 13th. I am by no means free of the "Anglican ceremonies:" the extraordinary frame of mind in which I find myself utterly robs me of any satisfaction in the step I am taking—and nobody could say that I do what I am doing

because I want to—satisfy my senses; for suddenly I feel I dislike everything—I dislike the Penny Catechism, because it is so simple—I dislike Roman Catholics, because they are always in the right—I dislike intensely being a heretic, and being instructed by another woman (delightful and clever, though I know her to be)—I dislike the feeling that Hugh is soon to become to me “no more a priest than a crossing-sweeper!” and above all, I have terrible, stubborn ideas, quite newly born within me, that those things I did not think much of as being sacraments, perhaps after all, really were! I have indescribable, rebellious thoughts, and am prickling all over with the most uncomfortable *anglicanabilities*! which must be inspired by the devil! It alarms me to realize the state of mind in which I find myself: in fact, I cannot realize it—I have become confused. My only course is to let the devil know that this extraordinary mood which he would persuade me is my own, is none of my own; and to go on blindly and obediently, to try to be humble, and hope that “with the morn those angel faces will smile, which I have lost long since and lost awhile!” This I do. I am in a kind of peace—but it is the peace of a death-bed!

June 14th. A letter from Hugh, which may be described by the word “jolly!” It treats of tobacco, marriages, weather, golf, cricket-matches, new clothes! All this he offers as consolation for my renounced pernicious Roman tendencies! But this letter is very dear to me, for it is the last of the sort that I shall have—that long episode of my life, with Hugh as my pope, is gone for ever.

Wednesday, June 15th. Again I begin each day with the thought: *Je mourrai seule.* I cannot speak about myself to anyone, for I have no friends here. I have not written yet to Mary Field, but I have told Mabel and Diana, who are both sufficiently reasonable to be glad. They are glad that I am going to be something real instead of an imitation; they are glad that I am going to become happy some day; and I think they are glad that I am going at last to profess a religion instead of the hero-worship of the last fifteen years! But I seem to have no courage. I am, as it were, rushing onward, with my eyes shut, in a direction that somebody, whose word I can trust, has told me I must follow. I feel as if I were coming to a precipice, but my only hope is to continue to run—if I did not, worse would happen to me—so I go on and on

—and am leaving everything behind me that I loved, my friends, their approval, old, dear associations! It thunders and rains a great deal! The weather is a grand accompaniment to one's moods! The Anglican fog blinds and bewilders me! Conversion is a terrible thing!

June 16th. I have asked Mary Field to be my godmother. What a comfort to have those two friends!

June 18th. I have written to tell Rosamond, and Barbara, I approach the precipice nearer and nearer. The only way now is by obedience—for I cannot see. . . .

June 20th. I felt obliged, in honesty, to go to the *Abbé* and tell him that I feel poor in courage—that I cannot say I feel certain never to have received sacraments—that I am full of fears about this jump in the dark. . . . He was very comforting; I am not to listen to scruples—the light will come to me, he says—my own little prickly ideas do not seem to be of the smallest consequence. Of one thing I am pretty certain: that I have never been validly baptized; Low Church and old-fashioned parsons seem to have had a very casual way of performing the ceremony. I go into the convent this evening, for retreat.

Wednesday, June 21st. What a peaceful, sweet, happy place! It is the feast of St. Aloysius, who is the patron of my baptism—the patron of purity! At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I made my abjuration, and received conditional baptism—and, now I am a Christian! It was all made so easy for me, by the kind good *Abbé*. The whole day has been wonderful. Now that I am going to bed, I am realizing that I am a real, really true, truly real, Catholic—a Papist! a *Roman Catholic*! I keep exclaiming aloud, to myself, with rapture, "*I am a Roman Catholic!*"

June 22nd. The wonders of yesterday are pale beside those of to-day. It is Corpus Christi. I made my First Communion. At my Communion, and after it, I found something was happening to me—had happened—something white, delicious, heavenly! It was precisely as though I rose out of a tomb, and left my grave-clothes behind—those Anglican cerements! My very mind is different; I can see; it is all light; things are easy, simple, clear and illuminated. That fearful fog which has wrapped me round so thickly, so miserably of late, has rolled off, like a great black demon, that it was. Those friends and associations and Hugh, to leave whom was to have broken my

heart, look to me now, far, far away, hidden in that fog! I do not desire them any more. And I have this certainty within me, that this time the light will last; there is something very unmistakably real about it; and I feel the same conviction of the rock I stand upon. Not one shred of doubt or difficulty or sadness or regret remains! It is a miracle!

I told the *Abbé* all this; he was glad, for I had said gloomy things to him—the day before I was born!

June 23rd. I have come home. Everything is new, wonderful—I seem to be not here. This is the Communion of Saints; this is the Kingdom of Heaven!

June 24th. Letters are arriving; dear Rosamond wept; Barbara and Laura rejoice (they will not be long behind me, I fancy):¹ Violet continues to love me, but Alan is "furious" again! Mary and Pelham, of course, are here (in the Church, not in Bruges) to welcome me warmly—they were in Paradise before me! And what of Hugh? A fierce postcard comes: "I have heard the news, which you had given me no idea of, and I am much hurt at having had no information from yourself!" I was *en train* to write him a very soothing letter, which was sent yesterday. I was really too happy to write before. I am sorry he has heard, but I had only lost one day. He must have had it from Rosamond.

June 28th. Comes his letter: "You will always be in my mind as the most faithful, constant and loving of friends, but you must see for yourself that the step you have taken must of necessity interfere almost entirely with the conditions of the last twenty years. When we meet, if we ever do, we must talk about entirely indifferent matters—you are bound to desire that all my people may follow your example. I shall continue to think that if they do so they are hitting their mother a slap in the face, and turning their back on the Saviour who has manifestly supplied them with His grace. You are bound to think that unless I can plead 'invincible ignorance,' which is ridiculous, I must be eternally damned . . . that I should hear of your perversion, not through yourself but others, cuts me to the heart, but is exactly on a par with other experiences of a like nature. Still your affectionate, &c."

All I can say in answer to you, dear Hugh, is: "poor old thing!"

¹ A year later Cyril, his wife, children, and sister-in-law were received into the Church.

After.

The Anglican Church, my mother? Rather I think of her as a bad gipsy who for generations has kidnapped poor children from their true mother and brought them up in ignorance of her; or as a cruel stepmother, who has no mother's heart for those who are not her own, who can teach them nothing with certainty, because she does not know it, who confesses to have no authority, because she is obliged to admit that her position is, in some respects, ridiculous, and always weak—and who leaves off caring for them altogether when they die, for she knows nothing, can teach nothing, about the life beyond the grave.

My mother? indeed, no! Does a true mother starve, misguide, neglect her children, as Anglicanism has starved, misguided, and neglected me?

No! *She* is my mother, whose arms have been open, waiting for twenty years—indeed, all my life, before I knew it; who has stored up and kept her treasures to heap upon me when I should return to her heart; who never ceases to long for every one of her children to return to their Father's house, whose authority is the authority of God, the Holy Ghost, so that, when she teaches, she allows no child to dispute with her: who can teach me truly therefore, and who has the power to forgive me my sins; who will love me to the end, not forsaking me in my death, but holding me, after it, in her arms, secure, as she holds me now. . . . Strong, mighty Mother! immaculate, wonderful, you are my Mother—you and no other—and that conviction has been implanted in my heart, since I have seen your face, in my earliest childhood.

And now, O Mother, all that came before you, appears to-day, to have been a troubled dream! The friends I clung to are shadows, who can only become real and close again by following me to this paradise where your arms have drawn me; that old self of mine, proud, difficult, and enigmatical, I regard, too, as a cast-off grave-cloth, and marvel how I could have so clung to the poor, sordid wrap; for although I am become so little, one of millions of souls with the same faith and the same light—insignificant and unnoticeable in place of the unique Anglican that I was, with a little religion and a little pope of my own—yet there is a pride and a glory that the meanest Catholic, with the greatest (and none but Catholics), can claim: *I am of the Order of all the Saints, and all the Saints are of my Order!*

The Library of the Exercises.

THE little town of Enghien may be reached from Brussels in about an hour. Ten minutes' walk from the station brings us to the College of St. Augustine, formerly an episcopal school, now the house of Theology for two of the French Provinces of the Society of Jesus.

In a large, vaulted library on the ground floor is stored a collection of books, pamphlets, and newspaper cuttings of quite exceptional interest. They all have reference, more or less directly, to the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius of Loyola.

It may frankly be admitted that the idea of such a library is not at first sight particularly attractive. Those for whom the book of the *Exercises* has no meaning will dismiss the library as an ingenious collection of rubbish. They will mentally consign it to that pulping-machine which, as Mr. Belloc tells us, is the fitting destination of the bulk of our literature. Even those who value the *Exercises* (and precisely because they value them) will involuntarily shrink from what promises to be a wilderness of commentaries on that remarkable volume. "Let us have the book of the *Exercises*;" they will say, "but spare us the tedious explanations, the prolix adaptations and the watery imitations of the priceless heritage left us by a Saint. The book is itself a library: why accumulate a library about it? Let us make a clean sweep of these lesser men and draw what profit we can from the drill-book of God's scout-master."

A sufficient answer to such objections would be an inspection of the library itself under the guidance of the librarian, Père Watrigant. He, if anyone, is jealous for the integrity of the *Exercises*: yet that very jealousy has led him during the last thirty years to collect this library of 6,000 books and pamphlets and manuscripts. Let him take you round it and the dry bones will live.

The distinguished Benedictine scholar, Dom Besse, has given us his impressions of this library, to which he recently paid a visit:

The Reverend Father has collected all the books he could find which bear more or less directly on the Exercises of St. Ignatius. The result has been a wonderful library of ascetical and mystical theology. The library has become a workshop, and Père Watrigant does not work there alone, for he has disciples. These, in order to grasp the intimate thoughts of their founder, St. Ignatius, ascertain with scientific exactitude the place of the Society in the Church and its rôle in the world of men. It is by means of the Exercises that the Society of Jesus remains true to its ideals, and adapts its members to their proper function. The aim of the Society is to impress the spirit of the Exercises upon the world. That spirit, rightly understood, is one of the most powerful manifestations of the traditional spirit of the Catholic Church.

These last words are worthy of remark. It has never been claimed for the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius that they have, so far as their substance goes, made any addition to the traditional Catholic teaching. They are but a masterly setting forth of truths which have ever been the common heritage of all Christians,—a most effective systematizing of ascetical methods known and practised in every age. That they are no more than this does not prevent them from being of inestimable value: but it should convince us that a library which deals with the Exercises may very well be a library of wide scope and absorbing interest: a library which should appeal to every intelligent Catholic.

Dom Besse continues:

The study undertaken by Père Watrigant is remarkably opportune. His Superiors recognize this fact and give him every encouragement. It may even be said that he is creating a school. With his library of the Exercises he is leading men's minds back to the sources of religious and Christian life. His example deserves to be followed by all the Religious Orders. The persecution which is now raging naturally tends to make this duty an easy one. Society in general would soon feel the effect of the forces which these Religious Orders had thus stored up within themselves.

The library of the Exercises, then, has a very practical aim. Within its walls may be gathered that knowledge of the ascetical life which may subsequently be translated into effective action and wise direction. Those who only know the *Exercises* can scarcely be said to know the Exercises. Even a few days spent in the library of Enghien will have the effect of setting

the Exercises in perspective, and of throwing a flood of light upon their origin, their nature, and their possibilities.

This practical purpose which draws visitors to the library to-day is quite in keeping with the practical aim which presided at its formation. Père Watrigant is no mere academic book-collector. His interests are not confined to the sphere of speculation. When thirty years ago he began to collect books about the Exercises, it was in order that he might be able to give the Exercises more effectively and to organize retreats for the people in a manner which would ensure their success. Events justified his belief in the advantages of forming and studying such a collection. For Père Watrigant became the pioneer of the great movement of popular retreats which has spread over the world and produced such remarkable results. He founded and for many years conducted the famous retreat-house near Lille,—a house which since that day has received some 34,000 men into retreats. From France the movement spread to Belgium, where 10,000 men and 15,000 women make retreats every year. There are at present in existence about a hundred houses exclusively devoted to retreats. The retreat-house recently started near Manchester (of which some account has been given in these pages) has already given retreats to over 1,000 men, chiefly of the working classes. Now many of those who are conducting retreat-houses in various parts of the world have derived much of their practical knowledge and much, too, of their enthusiasm from a visit to the Library of the Exercises.

It would be quite impossible to give an adequate idea of this great collection within the narrow limits of a magazine article. All that one can do is to attempt a general sketch of its contents, and to single out a few items of special interest. This is but a poor substitute for a protracted tour of the shelves, personally conducted by the amiable and enthusiastic librarian : yet in view of the great work which the library is inspiring even such an attempt would seem to be worth while.

The contents of the library are divided into four sections as follows :

1. The text of the Exercises.
2. The theory of the Exercises.
3. The practice of the Exercises.
4. The history of the Exercises.

Each section has numerous sub-divisions, some of which will appear as we proceed.

We begin, then, by a glance at the shelves containing the various editions of the text itself. The Vulgate (Latin) version was first printed in 1548, and was one of the earliest books published by the Society of Jesus. It is quite eclipsed in magnificence by the splendid folio printed at Paris *typis argenteis* by order of Louis XIII.,—among the earliest productions of the Royal Printing Press. It would seem that previous to 1610 the book of the *Exercises* was not intended for the use of those who made retreats, but merely for the guidance of those who directed them. But after this date it became the fashion to print the meditations on loose sheets to be given one by one to the exercitant. Such collections of leaflets were published in many languages.

Another sub-division of the first section deals with the origin of the Exercises. These faded and peaceful-looking volumes are more explosive than we might suspect. They recall violent controversies, and contain much elaborate invective. Don Constantine Cajetan, for instance, maintains with warmth that the Exercises of St. Ignatius are merely a reproduction of the *Exercitatorium Spirituale* of Cisneros the Benedictine. Don Cajetan's book is placed on the Index. Father Rho, the Jesuit, replies with no less warmth,—and likewise goes on the Index. The discussion re-appears in various forms in the course of time, but the invective becomes less robust.

The books on the theory of the Exercises comprise various analytical and synthetical studies of the Exercises taken as a whole, as well as monographs on particular parts of the Exercises, and books written in criticism or defence of the Ignatian methods.

A word may be said about each of these sub-divisions. Explanations of the text abound in every language, and extend to the minutest detail. The names of Diertins, Roothaan, and Ponlevoy meet us here. After this analysis comes the bold synthesis of Suarez, Gagliardi, Palma, and the rest, in which the little volume of the soldier Saint is made to support a complete science of ascetical theology. The studies on separate parts of the Exercises are more numerous, and deal with methods of prayer and meditation, of self-examination, election, and so forth. We find thirty or forty books on the particular examination of conscience alone. Another sub-division includes books on the doctrine of the Exercises. By

way of illustration or contrast we find a number of works on various schools of orthodox and heterodox asceticism. This section is growing rapidly, and should prove invaluable to the student. It is to be hoped that one day we may have a school of ascetical literature similar to the Bollandist school of hagiography.

The third section, that dealing with the practice of the Exercises, is somewhat overwhelming. But Father Watrigant has a genius for sub-division, and has managed to reduce a chaotic literature to order. An important sub-division here is furnished by a multitude of books which give practical advice to directors of retreats, including, of course, the official *Directory* in its various editions. Then comes a still larger number of books which adapt the Exercises for various classes of people. Here is a remarkable book by Father Masenius, S.J., entitled *Nova Praxis orthodoxae Fidei*. It is an attempt to adapt the Exercises for the use of Protestants, and gave rise to a considerable amount of controversy. There are hundreds of books on retreats for priests and retreats for Religious. We note two beautiful manuscripts composed by the Carthusians on the Exercises of St. Ignatius, and two retreats for scholastics printed for the Jesuits of White Russia in 1793 and 1794 at the Imperial Press of Polotsk. The retreats for laymen are yet more numerous. We observe the stress that is laid by many of them on the sanctification not merely of the interior life, but of the exterior social life as well. The various "duties of one's state of life" are focussed up in a number of works such as the *Triduum sacrum pro viris nobilibus et litteratis* of Father Neumayr, or the retreat *Pro Magnatibus* of Father Lancicius. There are retreats for Easter, retreats in preparation for death, retreats in Slavonic, and in the language of the Aztecs. And of course it was inevitable that the Exercises should be put into verse and tortured into dramas. We find Castilian songs on the Exercises, Italian poems on the same theme, dedicated to Pope Clement XII., by Mgr. Ansaldi, Father Christie's *The End of Man*, and Neumayr's *Ascesis Rythmica*. The *Theatrum Asceticum* has been so severely criticized that it is refreshing to learn that after witnessing a drama of Father Bidermann's at Munich, fourteen members of the Bavarian Court promptly fled into solitude and made what is described as a very rigorous retreat.

Among the artistic adjuncts to the Exercises we notice the

ingenious pictures used by Father Huby in his famous retreats in Brittany. They portray a series of hearts, each containing symbolical representations of virtues or vices. These pictures have had an interesting history. They had done good service long before Father Huby popularized them, and they continue to be in fashion at the present day. The Calvinists pirated them extensively, and published them with descriptive texts in various languages. It is interesting to study the development of these collections of pictures—*Le Miroir de l'Âme*, *The Heart Book*, *The Mirror of the Heart*, &c.—and to observe the transition from the crude original designs to the elaborate and more or less artistic productions of recent years.

To the general visitor perhaps the most interesting section of the library is the fourth, which deals with the history of retreats. These volumes recall the wonderful work done by the old houses of retreats and tell us much of the recent movement which has spread to every part of the world and is working wonders no less striking. We find here the Lives of such directors as Father Huby and Father Maunoir, Blessed Peter Faber, the Ven. Fathers Alvarez and Segneri, St. Francis Jerome, Fathers Calvi, Lentini (the founder of nine retreat-houses in Sicily), Father Malagrida (the organizer of retreats in Brazil and Portugal, and the victim of Pombal's spite), and many more.

The work of giving retreats was by no means confined to the Jesuits. St. Vincent of Paul gave the Exercises to 20,000 men at St. Lazare, and similar retreats have been organized by many Religious Orders and by the secular clergy. Congregations were founded for the express purpose of giving retreats. At Rome Mgr. Piatti established a house of retreats near the Janiculum for officers of the Papal army. Here are the Lives of the foundresses of retreats in Brittany and elsewhere. This copy of the *Exercises* (picked up by Father Watrigant for ten centimes) was used by Mdle. de St. Luc in her retreats at Quimper. She was afterwards guillotined at Paris for having distributed pictures of the Sacred Heart. Here is a book attributed to Hercules the Third, Duke of Este. He founded a retreat-house near Modena, and insisted on his whole Court going thither. They seem to have had a remarkably good time, and the Duke did them well. There were no meditations, but to compensate for this trifling omission the Duke had painted some 300 pious inscriptions on the walls and furniture

of the retreat-house, including the seats in the garden. As to whether the retreat was followed by any abnormal access of piety at the Court of Hercules the Third history is provokingly silent.

Turning finally to the recent history of retreats we find shelf after shelf of reports, pamphlets, and similar documents arranged according to countries. The material is too vast to be considered here, but some attempt will be made to deal with it in a forthcoming book.

It must be added that the stores of literature gathered in the library at Enghien are being made accessible to all by the publication of a most valuable and interesting collection of cheap books and pamphlets. Six of these pamphlets have appeared every year since 1906, and they deal with the Exercises from various points of view. Some are historical studies of famous retreat-houses, others describe methods of organization, others are critical or devotional studies of the Exercises. These pamphlets may be obtained from Lethielleux, Paris (10, Rue Cassette), and cost 4 fr. a year, including postage to England. Besides these pamphlets, there is a series of books (also published by Lethielleux) entitled, *Collection des Retraits Spirituelles*, which deal with the practice of retreats. Some are reprints of famous treatises no longer easily accessible, others are original.

It is much to be hoped that the publication of this literature will lead to an increase of interest in the great movement of retreats. Viewed as the record of that movement in the past and as an abiding source of encouragement and guidance in the present, the library at Enghien no longer presents itself to us as a fusty collection of forgotten books. It becomes the centre of a movement which, under God's providence, is doing so much to check the rising tide of lawlessness, pessimism, and infidelity.

CHARLES PLATER.

The Parish Tea Party.

I.

TWO OF THE GUESTS.

MRS. FELIX and Miss Connor were sitting together in the former's parlour. The room deserves to be called a "parlour" because it tried so hard to look like one; the bed turned into a sofa in the day-time, and an old screen sheltered the oil stove which was used for cooking. As a matter of fact, this one room was Mrs. Felix's home, and all the goods she possessed in the world were stored in it, including the large chest of drawers left her by her grandmother. The room was airy and fairly spacious, high up a long twisty staircase, and she paid a rent of three shillings a week for it—quite enough, by the way, when one's net earnings do not exceed fourteen and sixpence.

To-day there was a bright fire in the grate, the curtains were drawn forward so as to exclude the draught, and two cups and saucers and a small tea-pot were laid out on a spotless white cloth.

"Real Worcester," remarked Mrs. Felix, as she poured out some dark brown tea. "I've had 'em for twenty years. I do like to drink out of thin cups, don't you?"

"I do indeed," assented Miss Connor admiringly. "And I like nice strong tea and cows' milk in it, not that tinned concoction, though of course a tin does save you running down to the door of a morning."

"I'd go down twenty flights to get cows' milk," replied Mrs. Felix. "It's worth it. Besides, you can work it in with shaking the mats. Now, Miss Connor, don't think I'm given to it, for it's rarely I touch anything of the sort, but perhaps under the circumstances it'd be wise for us to have a teaspoonful of brandy in our tea before going out. The old place is very draughty, and it'll keep us from taking a chill."

"Well, I never take nothing either as a rule," said Miss Connor, "but I don't mind just a teaspoonful, if you really think it wise."

"Last year," pursued Mrs. Felix, measuring out the allowance of brandy with great precision, "last year I caught a cold there, so this time I'm going to be more careful. It's draughty, as I say, and they don't put no curtains up. There wasn't even a bit of green last year nor a flutter of coloured paper. It did look bare."

"I've never been before."

"I know, and that's why I invited you to come along with me, for I hate going anywheres by myself for the first time, and I guess you're the same. And I thought it'd be nice for us to have a good strong cup of tea to ourselves beforehand, so as to make sure of it. They do their best, but you know what the stuff is like that comes out of urns. I never do fancy tea that comes out of an urn all ready milked. And then the cups is so thick—that puts me off it too. If the tea was ever so nice it wouldn't taste right."

"Still, you can't expect cups like these 'ere."

"Of course not—it wouldn't be reasonable. They was my mother's, and a present to her. But there's a medium. The cups to-night will be all kitchen cups, you'll see."

There was silence for a moment, then Mrs. Felix resumed: "Last year it wasn't so bad, though the tea and the cups was as I say. Only everything was stale, and the butter had a bit of a twang, I fancied. So I laid my piece of bread and butter on the side of my plate, and when a lady come along with a dish of cake, I said I thought I'd try a bit of cake. But that was stale too, so I put it by on the top of the bread and butter and told 'em as how I fancied a mincepie. Oh, my dear! last week's baking! Such a pity! I felt quite sorry about it, because they spend a lot of money on the Tea, and it wouldn't cost much more to have things just so, same as they'd have 'em for themselves. Why, look at us in the factory. When the girls send out for cakes, they wouldn't pay for 'em if they wasn't better than that. I know when things is good, and I don't care for anything else."

"No more do I," agreed Miss Connor. "Well, and after tea what did they do?"

"I'll tell you. You see I hadn't eaten much, and the draught was blowing down my neck, so presently I got up and said I was afraid I should have to be going. But they pressed me to stay, and I had to stay—it would have been rude to refuse. So I stopped for the music. Yes, there's music.

Amatoors! They did their best, and I'm sure they took a lot of trouble; but of course, all said and done, they was amatoors and nothing more, and I'm used to hearing all the tip-top singers in the Halls for fourpence. I'm not complaining, mind! It wouldn't be fair to compare amatoors with professionals. And I'm sure they meant well, so I clapped. But I didn't stay quite to the end."

She rose with a sigh to bank up the fire. "I hope it'll be in when we come back," she said. "Come along, let's go and try and enjoy ourselves. I dare say it'll be very enjoyable. And besides, when people is so kind and spend their money on entertaining us, we can't but feel pleased. It wouldn't be perlite not to. I was glad I went last year, though it was snowing and I caught a cold. You see I felt I'd done the right thing. What would the world be without perliteness? Come along! Let's go and enjoy ourselves and do the perlite."

II.

A HOSTESS.

Miss Gregory was down in the kitchen superintending the packing up of her share of the crockery in a large clothes-basket. She was just a little flurried, though not out of temper—she was too mild and kind for that. Still, time was running on, and she was, as I say, inclined to be flurried.

"Mrs. Smith promised to lend me half a dozen cups and saucers—have they come, Jane?"

"Yes, miss, they've come, but Mrs. Jones has only sent plates."

"And teaspoons—I'm sure we shall be short of teaspoons."

"Shall I put in a few silver ones, miss?"

"Better not, perhaps." Miss Gregory whisked round, and one of Mrs. Smith's kitchen cups fell on the floor. It did not break, fortunately, but then it was very thick.

Miss Gregory pushed back her wavy fair hair with an impatient gesture. Her head was beginning to ache, and she had scarcely had time to eat any lunch. A large share of the organization of this particular party fell to her lot, for she was effective and energetic, and the other ladies of the parish were not averse to having a good many details arranged for them. In the morning, someone had come to tell her that the gentleman with the tenor voice who was to have taken the leading part in the music was down with influenza, and she had been obliged

to run round and try to find another performer in his place. She had managed at last to secure the services of a violinist, and now she suddenly remembered that she had undertaken to provide a music-stand. There was one in the house, but it had not been used for a long time. She supposed it was stowed away in one of the attics.

"Jenkins was to come with the handcart at half-past two," she said. "I hope we haven't forgotten anything."

"I think everything is there, miss."

"Put on your hat, then, Jane, and be ready to come round to the schoolroom with me. But, first, I must find the music-stand."

Year after year it was the same rush, for the ladies who clubbed together to give the Tea were wont to leave the greater part of the hard work in the hands of the youngest and most enthusiastic among them. It often happened, too, that a larger sum was spent than had been collected, and then Miss Gregory usually made up the deficiency. She was not rich, but she was good and charitable, sincerely anxious to bring a little brightness into the lives of the worried mothers and anæmic factory girls who lived in the sordid streets at the back of her comfortable house. This tea-party would mean that she went less to the rink during the ensuing month, or perhaps missed seeing some play which she would particularly have liked to see, but she took the privation as a matter of course and claimed no merit from it. It was a genuine pleasure to her to give pleasure to other people, and she always felt that her parties were a decided success.

To a certain extent they were, thanks largely to the delicacy of feeling and admiring gratitude of her guests. The poor liked her; she spoke to them simply and without patronage, and they were quick to detect real good-will even when she did things which in another person they would have resented. Those whose possessions in this world are few and shabby are often blessed with the unerring intuition of children: they know their friends. So Miss Gregory succeeded in winning their esteem, although she did not understand them. That she did not understand them was scarcely her fault; for how can you really know people unless you have lived with them and learnt their ways, shared their shelter and their food, accepted help from them as well as given it, and talked to them intimately, not only of their troubles and their debts, but also of their

hopes, their aspirations and amusements? Intimacy implies equality, and most of us are so constituted as to feel even the most well-intentioned assistance a burden unless it comes from an equal. We want to give as well as take.

Just as Miss Gregory had found the music-stand, she heard a ring at the front door. Hurrying down, she met the housemaid on the stairs.

"Mr. Stafford, miss."

"How very inconvenient," murmured Miss Gregory, but she was much too good-natured to refuse to see him.

III.

AN OUTSIDER.

It was Saturday, and that was why Eric Stafford was home so early from his office. He was due to play in a football match, but he had cried off, for there is something too horribly incongruous in childishly chasing a ball while all the time your world is tumbling about your ears. And Eric's world was in a very shaky condition indeed. It would only last till Monday morning, he reckoned, unless he could think of something effective with which to prop up its tottering foundations. On Monday morning it would inevitably be discovered that he had taken the liberty of borrowing a certain sum from his employer's cash-box—the old tale, a safe bet and a sure profit, which had only turned out safe and sure as far as the book-maker was concerned. When Eric thought of the transaction (and for the moment he thought of nothing else) he used the term "borrowing," but he knew that the authorities would call it by a very different name. And it seemed to him that there was no one to whom he could turn. His friends (those to whom he fancied he might have brought himself to speak) were impecunious; his stern and silent father he could never face. No way of escape seemed possible, except the desperate one of running away; and when a nervy, feckless, penniless youth of nineteen runs away, it is desperate indeed. See, then, how true it is to say that Eric's world was crumbling about him. He was not yet out of his teens, and he was done for, so far as his former easy, well-fed, respectable existence was concerned. A hard penalty to pay for being more silly than wicked.

His mother had been dead a year, but not even on the day of the funeral had he realized her loss as he did this afternoon. His utter loneliness oppressed him. Anybody does to talk to

when things are going right, but when one needs help, kindness, leniency,—that is another matter. And then weak people who get into disgrace are scarcely desirable company. How many of those who had pressed Eric's hand so sympathetically at the time of his great trouble would welcome him to their houses henceforth, and encourage him to associate with their sons?

But Eric was young, and behind an affectation of cynicism lay an as yet unshaken belief in the generosity of his fellow-creatures, their readiness to help each other to a second chance. He had seen faces so expressive of goodness and kindness that he had trusted them instinctively. There was Miss Gregory, for instance. He remembered the intense kindness of her eyes (and it is rare that eyes are truly kind) when she met him the day after the funeral. She had not said she was sorry—how could she? She had merely remarked that there was a cold wind and that he ought to button up his coat. What a strange power has the human voice of conveying sympathy even when uttering platitudes!

It sometimes happens that fanciful and reserved natures see a face, hear a voice, which makes an impression on them, and from this slight indication they construct a beautiful and shining ideal. And subsequently it is much easier for them to trust this ideal than to trust the very ordinary people among whom they live, and whom, alas! they have continually seen cross, unreasonable, and captious. Often, of course, this sort of phantom beauty vanishes on closer acquaintance, but not invariably; for the immortal spirit that lurks behind our neighbour's commonplace frame has a way of playing up to our expectations. It was not then altogether unnatural that the look in Miss Gregory's eyes and the tone of her voice should draw Eric to her now, although he was by no means intimate with her. He was shy, and a shy person can generally speak more easily to a comparative stranger, not to mention the clear advantage of keeping a secret safe from the inquisitive and critical eyes of one's own immediate circle. Of course, she would think it odd that he should come to her. But what did that matter? What did any trivial convention matter now? She had the power to help him if she would. And at least she would never tell of him—he knew that.

But somehow when he stood face to face with her in the pretty drawing-room, confidence did not seem quite so easy. She was older than he was, and good-looking, and a woman—

three details in themselves distinctly soothing. But she did not give him her full attention as she had done during those few minutes last winter which he remembered so vividly. Plainly, she was preoccupied. She looked out of the window and called him first "Eric" and then "Mr. Stafford." As a matter of fact, she called him "Eric" because she had known him as a small boy, and she called him "Mr. Stafford" because he looked so grave and grown-up, and also because she suspected that it would please a lad of his age. All the time she was wondering what he wanted, and asking herself whether she should get rid of him as quickly as possible, or whether she should induce him to stay and help her with the Tea. Jenkins had not turned up. Perhaps he would not even object to lending Jane a hand with the clothes-basket of crockery.

"Do you know Mrs. Felix?" she asked abruptly.

"Mrs. Felix? No."

"She's such a dear old thing and wears quite stylish bonnets. Oh! you must know her by sight. She generally sits in the side aisle, three pews from the top. She's coming this afternoon to the Party. At first she said she couldn't, but I went to see her and she changed her mind."

"Really!"

"And Miss Connor? But of course you know her?"

"No, I don't. I don't know any of them, and I'm sure I don't want to," declared Eric with energy.

"I'm sorry," replied Miss Gregory, ignoring the uncalled-for outburst, which she regarded as a stupid attempt at facetiousness. "I'm sorry, because I was thinking of asking you to help this afternoon. It would be very good and useful of you to come and hand things round."

"You want me—*me*, to hand tea and cake to your old women!"

"Why not?" she asked, looking at him with surprise, and thinking how odd and rude he had grown since he went to the City.

"Good Heavens! It's the last straw!" he exclaimed.

Miss Gregory gave him a glance that was almost severe. She saw nothing in her proposal to merit such strong language. Cyril Carr helped her sometimes, and he was six months older than Eric. She would have administered a snub, only she recollected that he had no mother at home, and no softening influence. If she had examined him more closely, she would

have noticed the distress in his eyes ; but you must remember that she was thoroughly engrossed with the Tea Party, both eye and ear on the strain for a sign of the undependable Jenkins. On entering the room, she had taken up a position by the window so as to command the street, and now she heaved a sigh of relief.

"At last!" she murmured, as the handcart trundled round the corner. Then she turned to Eric: "I'm afraid I must go now," she said, "everything's getting behindhand. Come and see me again, won't you? I shall be so pleased. To-morrow I shall have my little nieces here all day—come any day after that."

Her tone was quite cordial, and really it was very forgiving of her to speak thus after his strangeness and insolence.

"Thank you," he answered very low, "but you needn't trouble about me. *You've no time, you know.*"

"Of course she has no time for me," he thought, as the front door closed behind him with a bang typical of the conclusion of a chapter of his life. "What with the old women on Saturday, and the sticky children, her nieces, on Sunday, she couldn't even see that anything was up. Monday will be too late. But even if it weren't, it wouldn't make any difference. I couldn't tell her now. I see it doesn't do to go and bother these good people—they're too busy."

Bitter and unjust, but natural. It never occurred to him that he might have taken the position by storm, blurted out his trouble, given her a chance.

So, while Mrs. Felix and Miss Connor were drinking tea and eating cake and listening to music out of "perliteness," a lonely boy was tramping the roads, his eyes filled with tears, revolt in his heart. The available help and sympathy had not been distributed to the best advantage, that was all. One cannot say that it was anybody's fault. Hospitality is in itself distinctly good; but it requires an attentive and sensitive ear to detect a note of appeal amid the clatter of teacups.

IV.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Mrs. Felix and Miss Connor were on their way home. It was quite early—not yet eight o'clock—for they had not stayed to hear the end of the music. "Not but what it's a very creditable performance," Mrs. Felix had explained graciously,

"very creditable indeed. But you see I banked up my fire, before I came out, and I'm afraid it won't last much longer. It's laborious to have to light a fire again at this time of night."

It was a cold, disagreeable evening, with a strong north wind blowing, and the two old ladies walked quickly, anxious to regain their warm, cheerful firesides with as little delay as possible. At the turn of a street, however, just after she had parted with her friend, a sudden gust carried off Mrs. Felix's bonnet which, as usual, was somewhat insecurely perched on the back of her head. You see, she had not very much hair to pin it to. It was one of those same stylish bonnets which had earned the appreciation of Miss Gregory, and therefore it was but natural that the owner exclaimed as she started in pursuit: "Thank goodness, the pavements aren't wet!"

Fortunately, a male passer-by, suddenly conscious of a stout, trotting figure with a whirling ball of *chiffon* a few yards ahead, came to her assistance, and it was he who finally captured the elusive bonnet. "Much obliged, I'm sure, young man," gasped Mrs. Felix, planting it upon her head and struggling resolutely with the strings; yet, for all her pre-occupation, she arranged matters so as to throw a grateful glance at the pale, set face, beneath the gas-lamp.

"Bless me!" she ejaculated. "It's Master Eric Stafford. How you've grown!"

"And you're Mrs. Felix," said Eric, quite forgetting that a few hours back he had disclaimed all acquaintance with a lady of that name.

"That's it. Mrs. Felix is my name. Oh! how well I remember your dear Ma! She gave me her photograph only a month before she died, and it's always hanging on the wall alongside of my own mother's. I've put it in a cork frame that I made myself."

No elaborately worded sentence would have appealed to Eric just then as did this unexpected and disinterested affection shown to the memory of his mother. When Mrs. Felix moved forward, he walked beside her.

"I should like you to see that cork frame," she remarked.

"I should like to see it very much some day," he answered.

"Won't you step in now?" she proposed. "It's close here, my place, and there's no time like the present, they say. Only I hope the fire won't be out."

So, for one door that had shut, another opened. Eric

caught at the friendly offer which promised to postpone his return home. He had been walking about for hours, and was too tired, mentally and physically, to do anything but accept what turned up.

Luckily, the fire was in, a glowing red mass. "Sit there, sir," said Mrs. Felix, and she drew up the armchair and reached down the cork frame from its position of honour. After one swift glance at the familiar features, the boy averted his eyes, fearful of letting his emotion appear.

Mrs. Felix, meanwhile, kept up an easy flow of conversation. She was far too shrewd a woman not to see that something was the matter, although thanks to her ready tact, she was every whit as unembarrassed as usual. She decided that there was no one at home to look after the lad, and that he was ill and out of spirits. Personally, Mrs. Felix did not suffer from low spirits, but if any of her friends were afflicted in that way, she believed that the proper remedy was a strong tonic. She remembered, however, that young gentlemen were often sensitive on the subject of medicine, and so she approached the matter with suitable precaution. After a lengthy preamble, she arrived at the desired point:—

"You're not looking quite so well as I could wish, Master Eric—you'll excuse my calling you 'Master Eric,' sir. You remind me very much of my son Tom's Willie. He'd that same skimped-up look on his face, and I persuaded him to take some Patent Samson Tonic and it soon pulled him round. It's the finest mixture going for giving strength to the system. Not that Willie's case was quite the same as yours. It was mental worry with him. You see it was his first post, and there was a lot of money about and—well! some young people are easily led, you know."

"You mean he stole something?" exclaimed Eric, sitting up suddenly, his eyes very bright.

"Why yes, that's the proper word to use, I s'pose," said Mrs. Felix, only too glad that she had hit upon a subject which seemed to interest her dispirited guest. "But as I tell you, he took Samson Tonic and it all came right."

"How——?" faltered Eric.

"He just bucked up—made a clean breast of it to the boss."

"And what happened then?"

"Now! Master Eric, what would *you* do if a young chap came to you and asked you to give him a second chance.

Thank God! even a company promoter hasn't a heart of stone!"

Thus spoke the kindly, tolerant, motherly old woman, all unconscious of the comfort she was giving to the boy at her side.

A word is a little thing—scarcely a *thing* at all, a sound, a mere breath—yet how potent! Once uttered, it is uttered for ever. Who knows how far its influence will reach? Perhaps it is as well that we do not know, or we might often be afraid to speak.

The solution of the difficulty was so simple! To go straight to the "boss" and tell the truth. How was it that Eric had not thought of this before? It would be hard indeed if at nineteen one appealed in vain to the generosity of a fellow-creature, himself human, liable to err! But Eric was old enough to know that hard things often happen.

"He was a good-natured man, your Willie's boss," he said, reflectively.

"Plenty more about, Heaven be praised!" declared Mrs. Felix in her breezy way.

In face of her cheery optimism, Eric's hesitation vanished. He had decided on his course, come what might of it. The larger trust, born of a long experience of men and women, conquered.

"You're a brick, Mrs. Felix," he cried, "one of the best! You've done me ever such a lot of good. Thank you."

Help, then, came from an unexpected quarter, as it often does. In fairness one must add that indirectly it was due to the Tea Party, for had it not been for the Tea Party, Mrs. Felix would not have been rounding the gusty corner at eight o'clock in the evening. It is almost incredible what one human soul can do for another during a few brief moments spent together at some obscure crossway of the world. To the humblest among us, God seems at times to entrust the destiny of others.

E. M. WALKER.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

The Parable of the Barren Virgins.

IN his celebrated review of the *Origin of Species*, in the *Times*, December 26, 1859, Professor Huxley wrote thus concerning Mr. Darwin's famous book, then recently published :

The path he bids us follow professes to be not a mere airy track fabricated of ideal cobwebs, but a solid and broad bridge of facts. If it be so, it will carry us safely over many a chasm in our knowledge, and lead us to a region free from the snares of those fascinating but barren virgins, the Final Causes, against whom a high authority has so justly warned us.

This passage has doubtless been a puzzle to many ; for, to say nothing of the fact that virgins are naturally barren, what does the high authority mean by the warning which we are told he justly administers ?

Though the matter is not free from obscurity, there seems little question as to what the Professor really meant, namely that the Darwinian theory promised to get rid of what he particularly disliked—the doctrine of Final Causes—or in other words that there is to be found in Nature, evidence of intelligent purpose : the case against which he seeks to strengthen by quoting the authority of Lord Bacon, the high authority in question.

But here is a very serious error, into which such a philosopher should not have fallen. Bacon's whole point is, not that the consideration of Final Causes should be altogether repudiated, but that it should be confined to its own rightful province of Natural Theology (which he styles "Metaphysic"), and excluded from that of Physics, in which it can bear no fruit and only produce confusion. In other words, he condemns those who start by assuming the idea of purpose or design as a fundamental principle and argue *from* it to the facts of nature, which should be learnt by observation. In thus speaking, he

says no more than does Newman,¹ who declares that the physical philosopher has nothing whatever to do with final causes and will get into utter confusion if he introduces them into his investigations, by indulging in speculations as to how the phenomena and laws of the material universe came to be, whereas his simple task is that of ascertaining what they are.

Bishop Wilkins, for instance, one of the founders of our Royal Society, argued that there must be inhabitants in the Moon, since the telescope shows that there are mountains, the creation of which would otherwise be purposeless.

Bacon, however, does not at all gainsay the validity of arguments directed not *from* but *to* the existence of Design in nature; and what he says is quite different from Huxley's account of it.

The investigation of Final Causes is barren, and *like a virgin consecrated to God*, has no issue.²

It is by no means the first time that Bacon has thus been misrepresented. Of the utterance just quoted, Dugald Stewart writes :

This epigrammatic maxim has, I believe, been oftener quoted than any other sentence in Bacon's works : and as it has in general been stated without any reference to the context, in the form of a detached aphorism, it has been commonly supposed to convey a meaning widely different from what appears to have been annexed to it by the author.

J. G.

The Duty of Supporting Foreign Missions.

Just as we are going to press there comes into our hands Father Francis Ross's "Letter to the Clergy and Laity of England," in reference to the projected movement for aiding the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. Though so called, it is not in the form of a letter, but comprises some "official documents affecting the status of the British Branch, together with an explanation of the circumstances which have elicited them." This letter will doubtless have reached many of our readers as well as ourselves, either as directly sent to them or through the press, still, as it initiates a movement of the utmost importance in which we should all be deeply interested, we should like to support Father Ross's appeal by our own brief word of exhortation to our readers.

¹ *Idea of a University.*

² *De Augmentis*, iii. 2. Italics ours.

The origin of this appeal is to be sought, at all events in part, in a letter sent by one of the Bishops of British India to the Archbishop of Westminster. "Would it not be possible," that Bishop wrote, "for Catholic England to do something to assist the Catholic Missions in India, India being a British possession and official England doing absolutely nothing for Catholicism as such? . . . I know very well that Catholic England has much to do at home, but I daresay that some zeal for the progress of Catholicism in the Missions would greatly benefit Catholicism at home."¹ The Archbishop referred to this letter in his opening Address to the Leeds Congress, and announced that the Bishops, though fully sensible of the strain on our finances at home, had resolved to take up this work for the Foreign Missions energetically, and were intending to appoint a priest "who should be a missionary of Foreign Missions, and travel the country over to arouse interest in them and collect funds for their support." It is to this office that Father Ross is now appointed, as his letter tells us.

How great is the need for more, much more, support for the Foreign Missions may be seen at a glance from the few general statistics which Father Ross borrows from an article by Doctor Ahaus in *THE MONTH* for March, 1909.

Present Missions in	Catholics.		Priests.		Churches and Chapels.
	Total.	Of European extraction.	Total.	Native.	
Asia	5299886	138000	9086	5237	17837
Australia and Oceania ...	170054	—	392	9	553
Africa	853931	130000	1842	123	3418
America	998092	170000	985	?	928
Total	7321963	438000	12305	5369 ²	22736

Present Missions in	Mission Helpers.		Head and Secondary Stations.	Schools.	Scholars.
	Lay-Brothers.	Sisters.			
Asia	2930	11996	25157	13083	504074
Australia and Oceania ...	291	531	547	497	20634
Africa	1357	3668	3702	3392	193813
America	285 ²	1089 ²	1008 ²	862 ²	72357 ²
Total	4863	17284	30414	17834	790878

¹ *Tablet* for August 6, 1910.

² Numbers entirely inadequate.

Substantially, the funds annually collected by the Association for the Propagation of the Faith are what the great mass of these Missions have to rely upon for the carrying on and development of all this apostolic work; yet the entire sum collected by this Association last year was only £268,458 9s. 7½d. It is a magnificent testimony to the devotedness of the missionaries that they should have been able, with so little, to accomplish so much, but how inadequate the provision is, and how it must limit the scope of their efforts; and this with such vast fields lying before them white for the harvest!

Do the Catholics in England ever ask themselves whether they are bearing their due share of the burden of supporting the foreign missions? In a sense the responsibility is more on us than on Catholics of other nationalities, seeing that in so large a proportion these Missions are in British territory. This reflection should at least count in stimulating our zeal, even though we may justly plead the smallness of our numbers. Do we ever reflect on the insignificant figures to which our contributions amount? Out of the £268,458 9s. 7½d. which the A.P.F. collected last year France contributed nearly half, namely, £126,137 14s., and this in spite of the financial embarrassments created for the French Church by the extensive spoliation of her endowments. From English-speaking countries the respective contributions were—the United States, £44,015 11s. 1d.; Ireland, £3,095 15s. 6d.; England and Wales, £1,693 6s. 3d.; Scotland, £257 10s. 10d. Certainly we could contribute more than that. And in estimating it, we cannot surely without feeling ashamed contrast, as Father Ross enables us to do, this English contribution of £1,693 6s. 3d. for 1909 with the corresponding English contribution of £1,344 1s. 11d. for the year 1838; or, to go more into detail, last year's contribution of £374 9s. 6d. from the dioceses of Westminster, Southwark, and Portsmouth, with the £311 10s. 2d. contributed in 1838 by the London District, out of which these three dioceses have since been carved. What such a comparison proves is that it is not merely that our numbers are still small, but that our interest in foreign missions has fallen off since that earlier date, for unquestionably we are many more in numbers, and vastly better off, now than we were seventy years ago.

There is another comparison which we ought to make if we would take to heart this serious matter. We have before us the "*Daily Mail*" *Year-Book of the Churches* for 1908. It gives the

statistics of English Protestant Missions for the previous year, or those as near as possible. The total contribution for that year was £1,872,207, of which the Church Missionary Society contributed £375,757, and the Wesleyan Missionary Society £208,707—as against 545,180 native communicants, and 344,213 native scholars. That the number of their converts falls so much below ours is their misfortune rather than their fault, and it is because their missionaries are married that their keep is so much more expensive than ours; still, it is greatly to the credit of English Protestants that they should be so generous in their contributions, and their example should be a stimulus to ourselves.

It is freely acknowledged that our Home Needs are very great and very pressing, and for ourselves we consider that it would be a grave injustice to charge the Catholics in this country with a want of generosity. Rather, as one looks around on the many expensive good works which they sustain by their offerings, one cannot but wonder whence all the money comes. And yet one must feel too that it is by no means all who display this generosity. At the one extreme there are the choice few who can be lavish in their gifts because of the lavishness of their self-sacrifice, whilst at the other extreme there are those who grudge even the few pence for their door-money, or even their penny for the offertory, whilst lavish enough with their shillings and sovereigns as soon as it is question of their cabs or their pleasures. It is useless to expect that the call of the Missions will be heeded by this latter class, but between the two extremes there are many gradations. May we not hope that in these intermediate *strata* Father Ross will find some, indeed many, who will be stimulated to help; and may we not hope that the thought of our Lord's counsel, "Give and it shall be given to you," may arouse us all as a body to seek by this heavenly policy to obtain a larger endowment for our Church's work at home as well as on the Missions. What particular methods are best to pursue we must leave to the Delegate to decide, but one suggestion at least will be in place. The plan of the circles of Associates, which in France has resulted in establishing on so splendid a scale the work of the A.P.F., owes its origin to the zeal of one young girl, Mdle. Pauline Jaricot, whose Life has just been published by the Angelus Company of Norwood. Father Ross quotes her own account of how it happened:

About the same time my brother wrote to me from the seminary of St. Sulpice concerning the Missions and begged me, in conjunction with the Réparatrices, whom he called my sacred battalion, to find the means of helping the missionaries with some alms. . . . I realized how greatly such a number of elect souls would rejoice the Heart of the divine Master, and from that time I sought the means to procure Him this consolation. I hoped thus to appease His Justice. From this moment I prayed to Him to inspire me by what means one could collect an important sum made up of a quantity of small alms, and this thought never left me. One evening, sitting by the fireside entirely engrossed with my great longing, whilst my family were amusing themselves with a game of cards, the plan of the Propagation of the Faith, by tens, hundreds, and thousands, came into my mind so clearly that not to forget it, I instantly wrote it down in pencil on the back of a card thrown out.

Her first circles of Associates, contributing $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a week, *i.e.*, 2s. 2d. annually, were formed among the poor work-girls of Lyons.

We have so many generous-hearted Catholic girls in England, If only a few Pauline Jaricots could be found among them.

S. F. S.

"Our Lord God the Pope."

A writer in an American magazine not long ago professed to trace a law of periodicity in regard to anti-Catholic calumnies. They appear, are refuted, disappear and revive. To develop the usual metaphor, these lies get "winded" in their flight from truth, and have to retire periodically in order to recover their breath. Well, that may be so in the case of some—"La Bandera Catolica,"¹ for instance, which ran for several years, and compassed a good part of the globe, is doubtless now recruiting in some health resort provided by the father of all mendacities—but we venture to think that "Our Lord God the Pope" is going to prove an exception to the supposed rule. It certainly is a remarkably good "stayer," for it began its career in 1565 with the *imprimatur* of worthy Bishop Jewel, and it turns up again, fresh and smiling, in the correspondence columns of the *Guardian* for the 9th of last December. The fact that it finds perennial place in Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, one of the ultimate authorities for Low-Protestant controversy, may help to explain its reappearance in journals of that brand, but nothing except an unscholarly readiness to accept whatever

¹ See THE MONTH, 1908, April, p. 414, August, p. 191.

ministers to their prejudice against the Church can account for its adoption by such men as the late Bishop Perowne,¹ by Professor Inge of Cambridge,² and by Dr. A. H. T. Clarke, of Christ Church, Albany Street, the writer in the *Guardian* above alluded to.³

Before devoting a few words to the last-named controversialist, we may recall that the charge was publicly made in England as long ago as 1851, and exhaustively refuted. The calumniator on this occasion was Lord Viscount Ebrington, M.P. for Plymouth, and he was taken to task by the Rev. T. M. McDonnell, of St. Mary's, Stonehouse, Devon. The latter afterwards published his correspondence with the noble Lord and his refutation of the libel, in an able little tract long forgotten. From this it is plain that the well-known *Gloss. in Extrav. Joan. XXII. tit. 14*—the original mare's-nest of Jewel—has all along been the basis of this silly fable. Father McDonnell shows how unsound it is, and, in answer to the general charge, quotes many apposite instances of the complimentary ascription of divinity to great personages, one of which we may reproduce here. Speaking of Charles II., he writes :

See how he was addressed by a Very Rev. Dean of Westminster, Dr. Littleton, in the dedication of his Latin Dictionary: "Non aspernabitur sacrosancta ac diva Majestas Tua, ea est numinis Tui clementia ac benignitas, qua universim subditos Tuos complecteris, hoc quale quale munus literarium," etc.

To return now to Dr. Clarke. He was challenged by Mr. W. S. Lilly to give his reference for what he called the "blasphemous title of Our Lord God the Pope," and proceeded, with great assumption of superior knowledge and better manners, to quote the venerable printer's error from the *Gloss. in Extrav. Joan. XXII. tit. xiv. c. 4*, a fact which, we trust, does not give the measure of his own scholarship. Then he proceeds :

Indeed the phrases "Verus Deus" of Pope Innocent III. (*Const. Decr. [sic.] lib. 1: de transl. ep.*) and "adoratio Pontificis" of the

¹ See "Does the Pope claim to be God?" By Rev. S. F. Smith. C.T.S.

² See THE MONTH, August, 1909, p. 198.

³ We are not surprised that Dr. Horton continues to father the falsehood (in *Shall Rome*, etc.), although its real character has been proved to demonstration for his special behoof (see *Methods of a Protestant Controversialist*, C.T.S.), because we are convinced, from long observation, that he is mentally incapable of discarding wrong impressions which feed his anti-Catholic prejudices.

Caeremoniale Romanum (lib. iii. sec. 1, 1572) are so well known that the celebrated commentator of the Canon Law wrote: "Papa si quid facit Deus facere censetur"! (Decius. *Comment. in Jus. Pont.* etc.).

The manner in which Dr. Clarke gives his references seems to show that he has no first-hand knowledge of his subject. To find the phrase ascribed to Innocent III. from the above misleading reference cost the writer a long and weary search, but he ultimately traced it, or rather its origin, to *Decret. Greg. IX.* lib. 1. tit. vii. § iii., where Pope Innocent, speaking of the jurisdiction belonging to his office, says, "Romanus Pontifex, qui non puri hominis sed *veri Dei* vicem gerit in terris" . . ., an expression which does not mean, as Dr. Clarke or, we prefer to think, the dishonest authority he blindly follows, insinuates, that the Pope claimed to be the "true God," but simply to be the "Vicar" of the true God: in other words, to hold authority under God as His representative or delegate. If the very notion of this strikes Dr. Clarke as a "wild blasphemy," we wonder how he qualifies the claim expressed by the Apostles in the emphatic words: "It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost *and* to us."¹ No one can deny that God *could* invest a man with authority to represent Him on earth, in certain definite regards. Catholics believe He *has* done so, and that that man is the Pope, the successor of him who originally received the commission, viz., St. Peter. And that belief, conscientiously entertained, explains and justifies the claims made by the Roman Pontiff and the honours paid to him, although we do not deny that these latter, as far as words go, have sometimes erred by excessive adulation. As for the "adoratio Pontificis" in the *Caeremoniale*, we have merely to say, for the thousandth time, that the word "adoratio," like the word "worship," being of ambiguous connotation, must be determined in meaning by the circumstances of its use and the intention of its users. Why are our assailants so determined to fasten on us the grievous crime of idolatry that they will not allow us to explain our own doctrines? Are we justified in accusing Anglicanism of abetting idolatry because in the *Coronation Order* of Charles I. the Queen is directed to incline to the monarch, "ejus Majestatem ut decet *adorando*"?² It is really sad to contemplate educated men like this Anglican

¹ Acts xv. 28.

² See *The Coronation Ceremonial*. By H. Thurston, S.J. P. 119, n. C.T.S. 6d.

dignitary so far warped by bigotry as not to scruple, on the strength of a few ambiguous or mistranslated terms, to stigmatize their fellow-Christians as being so incredibly foolish and perverse as to think that a human creature could be God and worthy of divine honour. Dr. Clarke has been doing good work in the *Nineteenth Century* by exposing the anti-Christian rancour and unfairness of the infidel Gibbon: it is hardly too much to say that in his treatment of the Catholic Church he illustrates too plainly the very vices which he denounces.

J. K.

Reviews.

I.—THE GREAT INFANTA.¹

THE favourite daughter of Philip II. of Spain, by his third wife Elizabeth de Valois, was destined by her father at one time for the throne of England, at another for that of France. Neither project having taken effect, she was finally used as a valuable piece in the political game, being married to her cousin, the Archduke Albert, and appointed jointly with him, under the title of "the Archdukes" to the government of the Low Countries, by which it was hoped that the growing discontent of these provinces might be mitigated so as to reconcile them to the Spanish dominion.

Albert had been destined for ecclesiastical honours, and already, at the age of eighteen, according to the bad custom of the period, was appointed a Cardinal and Archbishop of Toledo, the richest see in Spain. When it was determined that he should marry Isabella, he renounced those dignities, having never of course received Holy Orders, as Miss Klingenstein appears to suppose. He is said, however, to have retained a substantial portion of the revenues of Toledo by arrangement with his successor. However this may be, he was undoubtedly a favourable specimen of a royal Church appointment, leading

¹ *The Great Infanta Isabel, Sovereign of the Netherlands: By L. Klingenstein, with an introduction by Edward Armstrong, M.A., F.B.A. With twelve illustrations. London: Methuen. Pp. xxiii, 322. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1910.*

a devout and edifying life, and earning the title of "Albert the Pious."

His wife was well worthy of him, and presents a singularly attractive character, in which Spanish dignity was happily blended with French gaiety, making her extremely popular with her Flemish subjects. While devoted to the service of religion, she exhibited shrewd common sense in her political action, and no little energy in critical situations, which she had frequently to face. Along with her husband, she was an enlightened patron of art, then so flourishing in their dominions under the influence of Rubens and Van Dyck; she was moreover a great lover of the country and country sports and on one famous occasion brought down with her cross-bow the popinjay affixed to the spire of the Sablon Church at Brussels. She had withal a keen sense of humour, and told with much gusto how she once made what were probably the very worst shots ever heard of.

The "Archdukes" were naturally often entangled in the political complications so common at the period. With England they were not far from being embroiled in consequence of the Gunpowder Plot, the Government of James I. demanding the surrender of some alleged accomplices, of whose guilt they could not be satisfactorily convinced. They came still nearer to a quarrel with France, on account of a disreputable amour of Henry IV., from which they were saved by the crime of Ravallac. Nearer home, they had not a little trouble with the Dutch, at whose hands Albert sustained a heavy defeat at Nieuport in 1600; which did not, however, prevent the capture of Ostend in 1604, after a long and desperate siege. Though the legend is clearly apocryphal connecting the colour "isabel" with that of the Infanta's underclothing, which she had vowed not to change till the place were taken, she clearly acknowledged this colour as peculiarly her own, for on occasion of her success as "Reine papegay," in 1615, she presented each of the fraternity of cross-bowmen with a doublet and hose of this hue.

After her husband's death, 1621, she at once assumed the habit of the Poor Clares, which she never quitted, though continuing to exercise her functions as Governor of the Low Countries until her own demise in 1633. In concluding her biography Miss Klingenstein writes: "The Netherlanders have always cherished the memory of Isabel as a good and brave woman, and as one of the most beneficent of their rulers.

Though they could not raise a monument in stone for her, she is enshrined for ever in their hearts."

The biography itself is remarkably fair and sympathetic, and free from such traces of anti-Catholic prejudice as might easily find expression in a work of the kind. The writer, however, appears to accept without question the common notion that Jesuits are necessarily above all else politicians, though she seems to rely chiefly upon sources already made public, and does not appear to realize that Cardinal Allen was not a Jesuit, as she styles him more than once. It might also be desired that she were more generous in the matter of dates, and it would certainly be well to give a table of the descendants of so much-married a man as Philip II., who had issue by three of his four wives. A bibliography should also be supplied: sometimes it is by no means easy to identify the authorities referred to.

The illustrations, from portraits and pictures by contemporary masters, are exceedingly good.

2.—CURSUS SCRIPTURAE SACRAE.¹

With these two new volumes of the *Cursus Scripturae Sacrae* its commentaries on the Sapiential Books are complete. A few more volumes of the Old Testament and several of the New Testament are still to come, but with so much already accomplished, the editors may well feel that through their long and diligent labours they have endowed Catholic Bible students with a valuable library of reference. When all is finished, and the task of revision has to be undertaken, much may need to be added and altered in view of the progress of research, the uprising of fresh controversies and the disappearance of others, which the interval of twenty to thirty years will have witnessed. But in this form in which it has first presented itself the commentary will always be recognized as one which came to us at a time when it was sorely needed, to utilize all that was solid in the new knowledge, and to give a sound and safe direction to

¹ 1. *Commentarius in Proverbia*, auctore Joseph Knabenbauer, S.J., cum appendice de arte rhythmica Hebraeorum, auctore Francisco Zorell, S.J. 1 vol, pp. 270. Price, 5.25 fr. 1910.

2. *Commentarius in Librum Sapientiae*, auctore Rudolpho Cornely, S.J., opus posthumum edidit Franciscus Zorell, S.J. Pp. iv, 614. Paris: Lethielleux. Price, 12.00 fr. 1910.

Catholic study in the face of so many bewildering problems of Higher Criticism.

The Book of Proverbs does not raise questions of high importance. The commencing words, "The parables of Solomon, the son of David, King of Israel" seem to claim the whole book in some sense for Solomon, but the sub-titles, together with the varying character of the style, show that there are some distinctions to be observed. At the head of chapter x. what follows is described as the "Parables of Solomon," and at that point the style changes from continuous description and praise of wisdom to the concise, antithetic style proper to the enunciation of proverbs. At chapter xxii. 17 the style changes again for five verses in which the praise of wisdom is resumed, after which come further proverbs. At chapter xxv. it is stated that what follow are "Parables of Solomon which the men of Ezechias, King of Israel, wrote out." In chapter xxx. come "the words of Agur the son of Jake," and in chapter xxxi. the "words of Lamuel King of Massa, which his mother taught him." Some of the ancients thought Solomon was meant both by Agur and Lamuel, but that does not seem likely. The most natural supposition is that in chapters x. 1—xxii. 16, and chapters xxii. 22—xxiv. 34 we have two distinct collections of proverbs drawn up by Solomon himself or some one nearer his time, each with its previous words of recommendation addressed directly to the disciple; and in chapters xxv.—xxix. a later collection of outlying proverbs attributed to Solomon, the words of Agur and Lamuel forming a sort of appendix. We have practically no materials for testing this supposition, but the statement of 3 Kings iv. 32 is strongly in its favour, and there is nothing to say against it—for it is impossible to repose confidence in the shadowy inferences from the character of the proverbs which have led rationalists like Nowack to assign the origin of the book to the third century B.C. Still, the variations between the Hebrew and LXX. text warn us that we cannot be sure how far we have the original text in its purity.

At all events the interest of this book is not in these previous questions, but in the character of the contents, which consist partly in the praise of wisdom, partly in the incisive apothegms which are the proverbs strictly speaking. These latter stand each on its own merits, but as a whole they form a wonderful repertory of maxims of practical wisdom, and as such have been recognized by all ages. The commentator's function in regard

to them is that of bringing out the full force of their meaning, and this is what Father Knabenbauer has done. The passages in which Wisdom is described and exalted need to be taken as in sequence with Job xxviii. 12—28, which is anterior to Proverbs, and with the other Sapiential Books, which are posterior to it, especially with the Book of Wisdom, to which we shall come presently. The conception of Wisdom, which is practical as well as theoretical, is in the first instance viewed as it is in the soul of a just man, then it is viewed and exalted as it is in God, from whom man has it by participation. So far the language in which its praises are sounded does not go beyond the style of personification, but in chapter viii. the description rises to a sublimity which oversteps all the proprieties of mere personification, and attains to an ascription of true personality. It is this feature in the Book of Proverbs which gives to it its chief interest, and it will be acknowledged that Father Knabenbauer has done it justice by his exposition.

Father Zorell's appendix to this Commentary on Proverbs is a brave defence of the principles on which some students have thought to recover the rhythm which they think was the recognized mould of Hebrew as of Western poetry. To a certain extent this rhythm is easily discernible in much of the text of the poetical books—but the question is whether it amounts to more than a euphonious balance of the antithetic clauses, the difficulty being that, if taken as strict rhythm, it breaks down frequently. What Father Zorell strives to show is that these seeming break-downs prove to be unreal when one takes into account what were probably the elisions and shortenings-down of the language as spoken.

The Commentary on the Book of Wisdom is the last we shall have from the venerable projector and founder of the *Cursus*, Father Rudolph Cornely, who died on March 3, 1908. Indeed this is a posthumous work, edited for him by his friend and brother in religion, Father Francis Zorell. The original commentary must have been overburdened with matter, for, even after Father Zorell's judicious cutting down, it contains over six hundred pages, though the Book of Wisdom has only twenty chapters. It is a really fine work, well worthy to be the last from the author's pen, and it is all the more acceptable because this book, notwithstanding its value and beauty, has, as being on the deutero-canonical list, received comparatively little attention in ancient

and even in modern days from biblical scholars. To understand the Book of Wisdom one must keep in mind that its author was, as the internal evidence proves, a Jew of Alexandria. There are no materials for determining the date of composition with any exactness, but Father Cornely assigns it to the end of the third century B.C., a date which, though contested by many as far too high, can well maintain its ground. It was written for the sake of the Alexandrian Jews, who formed a large colony, and—living in the midst of a developed system of idolatry on the one hand, and the sceptical speculations of Greek philosophers on the other, oppressed, too, by persistent persecutions—were in sore need of a preacher to encourage them to adhere to the law and worship of the God of Israel, which some of their number had already renounced. This the inspired author does in his first six chapters by striking, in opposition to the Epicureans, the note that Wisdom, the ethical wisdom praised in the previous Sapiential Books, brings man true happiness, whilst impiety ever ends in misery. This contrast he illustrates by vivid amplifications which occupies the first six chapters. Next, if not even from the beginning of the book, assuming by literary device the person of Solomon who prayed for wisdom and obtained it, he traces back in terms of the same contrast God's historical dealings with the generations of the godly and those of the wicked from the time of Adam to that of Moses, punishing at times the former with the rod of fatherly discipline, and the latter with the sword of destruction. This part continues till the end of chapter xii. Then comes a denunciation of idolatry, which is described in its different varieties, and shown to be the source of obscenities, murders, robberies, perjuries, in fact of all iniquities. It is a magnificent description, based manifestly on an acute study of the misplaced life of the Alexandrians, with all its abominations that were visible on every side. This examination into the nature of idolatry being completed, the writer returns with chapter xvi. to the history of Israel in Egypt, and expounds with further detail the method of the divine punishments inflicted in those far-off days on the Israelites and their oppressors.

It will be seen from this outline how interesting is the subject-matter of the Book of Wisdom, and at the same time how delicate is the task it imposes on the commentator, who moreover has other difficulties to encounter in tracing the portrayal of Divine Wisdom up to the heights it attains in chap.

viii. 22—30. Then too there is the task of estimating the precise relations between the language of the Jewish writer faithful to the doctrine of his divinely-guided race and the language of Platonic and Stoic philosophy which he utilizes for his purpose but does not follow in its errors. On these various aspects of the Book Father Cornely will be found a helpful guide. We might indeed have wished that he had gone more thoroughly into the collateral matter, but he has done so sufficiently for a practical reader whose wish is to understand what is in the Book.

3.—MANN'S "HISTORY OF THE POPES."¹

Father Mann may certainly be congratulated upon the progress that he has recently been able to make towards the completion of his *History of the Popes*. Vol. IV. and V. only came into our hands a few months ago, and now already Vols. VI. and VII. are with us, the four together bringing the work down from Formosus in 891 to the close of the Pontificate of Urban II. in 1099. Of the very great utility of such a History no Catholic student can be for a moment in doubt. That the work cannot be exactly exhaustive or final must be plain to any discerning critic who takes note of the comparatively short time which can have been given to its composition. Many a diligent student has devoted more hours to the investigation of one Pontificate than the Head Master of St. Cuthbert's Grammar School can have spent upon the discussion of fifty. And to say that Father Mann is not a Gibbon is no disparagement of him or of his work. None the less we are quite satisfied that our historian has been justified in pushing on, even at the risk of rather hasty and immature execution. In these matters *le mieux* is so often *l'ennemi du bien*. There was no book dealing in English with these obscure and extremely difficult times which we could reasonably put into the hands of any young Catholic student without further guidance, and now that historical studies are spreading in every direction, and are becoming such a favourite field for the energies of our young ladies who work either at the Universities or in connection

¹ The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages. By the Rev. H. K. Mann. Vols. IV.—VII. London: Kegan Paul. Pp. xvi, 453; 306; xiii, 382; xii, 355. Price, 12s. net. each. 1910.

with some University programme, the need of suitable books is beginning to make itself felt more and more insistently. Hence we are not only glad to get Father Mann's History, but we are glad to get it soon; and while unable to regard it exactly as an ideal book of reference either for the general reader or the student, we are very grateful to the author for the pains that he has spent upon it.

It is not by any means Father Mann's fault if the first two of the volumes before us are not very pleasant reading. They deal perhaps with the darkest period in all Church History, and the author has certainly done all that he conscientiously could do to relieve the murky deeps of the shadows. To say the truth, we think that he has erred if anything on the side of leniency, and that he has let down some occupants of the Papal chair, for example, Benedict IX., almost more gently than makes for edification. But with all this we thoroughly assent to the remark which Father Mann makes in the course of his excellent Introduction to this scabrous period:

Apart from the one-line contemporary notices which form, as it were, the continuation of the *Liber Pontificalis*, information on many of the Popes of the tenth century can only be procured from writers who were neither strictly contemporary nor had any intimate acquaintance with Rome. Hence authentic information about the Popes of this epoch is of the very scantiest, and it may be emphatically laid down that at least the vices attributed to some of the Popes of the tenth century are nothing like so well authenticated as the virtues of those of the ninth. Much of what is said against some of them may be true, but the evidence forthcoming to substantiate it is not enough to bring conviction to a judicial mind.¹

It is pleasant to turn from the dimly outlined horrors of the days of Marozia and the younger Theodora, though even here Father Mann shows that we have good reason for suspending our judgment concerning the truth of the scandalous narrations of Liutprand and Vulgarius, to the clearer light and the wholesome effort of the days of Leo IX. and his immediate successors. We are in particular very grateful for the relatively full account which our author has given, not only as might have been expected of St. Gregory VII., but also of St. Leo IX. and Alexander II. Whether he has been quite successful in throwing into relief the really significant features of this

¹ Vol. iv. p. 37.

wonderful period of history we are not quite sure. That the presentment of Gregory VII. and his work is much more accurate and trustworthy than that given by the *Catholic Encyclopædia*, for example, we may readily allow, but Father Mann's exposition is not always as clear as it might be, and, to take a single example, his version of the incident of Canossa seems to us less convincing than one by Dr. Whitney, which we have recently read in the July number of the *Church Quarterly Review*. As a historian our author is lacking somewhat in the gift of generalization, a dangerous gift, no doubt, but one that when well used, as for example by M. Imbart de la Tour in his *Elections Episcopales*, or by Louis Saltet in his valuable *Réordinations*, adds immensely to the interest and focus of any historical narrative. This, and a certain want of felicity of phrase,¹ are the principal drawbacks which we have noticed in these four important volumes. It would be easy to point to topics which might have claimed more detailed notice, but we will content ourselves with expressing our regret that Father Mann has not, so far as we notice, made any reference to the interesting theory of Dr. Kösters in his *Studien zu Mabillon's Romani Ordines*, that Pope Leo IX. was the first to introduce the use of the papal crown or *regnum*, the later tiara, and that the coronation of the Pope dates from his Pontificate.

4—A STUDY OF THE SECTS.²

It is not too much to say that this most valuable and instructive treatise will be a real revelation to many Catholics, accustomed as they are to classify all non-Catholic Christians under the convenient title of Protestant. Not that they ignore the existence of sects; still, they are not generally interested in the various kinds and degrees of error that flourish outside the fold, and so they will be unprepared to find that different non-Catholic bodies approximate, some very closely, to Catholic truth. Father Benson is a skilled guide: he speaks from personal knowledge, having himself been over every inch of the ground, and his descriptions of the chief non-Catholic positions

¹ To give one illustration, we feel that a more matured taste would have somehow modified such a passage as the following: "Of the good deeds of Benedict . . . the records of history tell us but little. We must, therefore, try to track his form through the haze of turmoil on which the light of history sheds but feeble rays."

² *Non-Catholic Denominations.* By Rev. R. H. Benson. "The Westminster Library." London: Longmans. Pp. xv, 217. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1910.

are eminently fair and judicious. He enters into the feelings and describes the attitude of High Church, Low Church, Presbyterians, and Nonconformists in a manner which lacks nothing of equity and consideration. At the same time he points out the flaw or flaws in each system, and indicates how best its upholders may be approached and mastered on their own chosen grounds. It is a study of fascinating interest for all Catholics, giving a series of object-lessons, the force of which cannot be evaded, in the fate of the human intellect when cut off from the centre of truth. At the same time, it will surely inspire very lenient judgments of those who are thus deprived of what should have been their rightful possession. Father Benson shows how real is the desire of good, how genuine the love of our Lord, amongst these separated communions; he writes indeed, with candour, but also with sympathy; there is not a bitter word in the whole book; and his analysis of the tenets of the various bodies is astonishingly clear and clever, showing with delicate insight, how, in many cases Catholic truth is largely retained and how strenuous its upholders are to propagate it. We note with interest that Father Benson advocates the development of a new style of apologetic, corresponding to the conviction of many moderns that Divine truth cannot be definitely grasped by the mind and presented in a series of distinct propositions. His own gifts as exhibited in this illuminating volume mark him out as an ideal apologist of this character. As was to be expected, the writer is at his best in describing the source and direction of the various cross-currents of Anglicanism. Members of that communion will find their divergencies carefully studied and appreciated; it is only charitable to hope that from the perusal of this book they themselves will better appreciate the claims of the Church.

5.—MODERN RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS.¹

This is an age for brief manuals and for series of brief manuals. They meet a demand, no doubt, for modern readers are too

¹ *Modern Religious Problems.* Edited by Dr. A. W. Vernon. A series of concise and handy Manuals dealing with the questions that assail the Christian Church to-day: *The Earliest Sources of the Life of Jesus*, by Professor F. C. Burkitt; *Sin and its Forgiveness*, by William de Witt Hyde; *The Founding of the Church*, by Benjamin W. Bacon; *Paul and Paulinism*, by the Rev. James Moffatt, D.D.; *The Gospel of Jesus*, by Professor G. W. Knox; *Historical and Religious Value of the Fourth Gospel*, by Professor E. F. Scott. London: Constable and Co. 16mo. 1s. net per Volume. 1910.

busy to spend much time on any particular subject, taxed as they are wont to be with ignorance if they do not know a little of everything. Still, there is serious disadvantage in this compendious method of treatment when applied to subjects so complex as *Modern Religious Problems*, and it is to be feared that those who have recourse to the manuals now lying before us will, for the most part, derive from them only such crude and inaccurate notions as are likely to do them more harm than good, even from the point of view of mere knowledge of the theories they propound, not to speak of the point of view of orthodoxy to which they are directly opposed. Though it stands fifth on the list given in the advertisement, *The Gospel of Jesus the Son of God* is apparently intended to come first, and has the Editor's General Introduction prefixed to it. The sub-title, "an interpretation for the modern man," shows what is aimed at. "No religion can be accepted to-day because of the supernatural interventions by which it is supported." Darwin's discoveries have had that effect, now that "the religious import of [his] discovery has become apparent." Still, there are many earnest men "who are sensitive to the prevailing atmosphere of their time, but who are at the same time desirous of conserving the great moral and religious values that have been wrought out by the Christian centuries, and partaking of the strength and peace which are the peculiar effects of Christian faith." What, in the conception of Dr. Ambrose White Vernon—though not perhaps in that of all the contributors to his series—is the secret of conserving these values, is the recognition that, whereas the ideal of service "is now firmly established as the supreme ideal of the race," Jesus Christ is "the highest and supreme personality of history, the founder of the ideal of service and the mediator of the faith and love which are alone adequate to its maintenance and its realization."

Attempts of this kind witness to the hold which the personality of our Lord Jesus Christ still has on the perplexed minds of the age, and one cannot but regard them with sympathy. But it has to be the sad sympathy with which one watches the victims of a disastrous shipwreck, as they cling to fragments of the wreckage and delude themselves with the vain hope that these will secure them against the fury of the tempest. Especially does one feel this as one reads the volumes of this series. It is so manifest that the writers are engaged in a

vain effort to conserve these values each for himself, and that they have small chance of conserving them for the big world which in this general shipwreck of faith is swept along past them to its destruction.

The best of these manuals is unquestionably Professor Burkitt's. It is marked by the straightforward scholarship we should have expected from him, and up and down contains some useful comments and criticisms. Still we cannot assent to his conclusions, which are reached by an application of the false method which Pius X. has branded as Modernism, the method which, by selecting a few difficult phrases in the New Testament, and preferring them to the main tenour of its texts, infers that our Lord and His Apostles were under the delusion that He would come again in judgment after a few short years, so that the idea of a Church to last through the long ages was not above the horizon of their thoughts. Professor Burkitt accepts, too, the theory, for the moment in favour, that Mark and the conjectural Q are the sources both of Matthew and Luke, and he derives from it some very destructive conclusions. As for Q, he argues—and, on the basis of this Markan hypothesis, it seems to us rightly—that "Q is to us, and must remain, a collection of disconnected fragments." As for Mark on which is thus cast the sole responsibility of providing an historical basis for the synoptic story, how far, if subjected to such handling, it is from being able to sustain the burden, is painfully clear in Professor Burkitt's account of the different judgments on its value which have recommended themselves to the critics.

In the other volumes of the series we can find little to commend. The writers all start from the Protestant presupposition that the essence of religion is in emotional ebullitions which offer no rational authentication of their assumed divine origin. This presupposition colours all their estimates of the meaning of Gospels and Epistles, and leads them to enunciate theories of which the prevailing characteristic is vagueness. We will defy any one, for instance, to extract an intelligible sense from Dr. Moffatt's account of Paulinism, Mr. De Witt Hyde's theory of Sin and Forgiveness; or even from Mr. G. W. Knox's account of the Gospel of Jesus. What definite conception, for instance, as regards this last, can any one get out of such a passage as the following:

God supplies man's needs, and his true servants are concerned not

so much with hymning his praises as with the relief of humanity. . . . The prayer Christ taught is for the daily bread, and faith looks for [they are the author's italics] *immediate succour instead of seeking post-mortem bliss*. The rest is pure luxury for petted groups endowed with leisure to consider their "attitude to the universe as a whole"! It matters little whether the universe be pluralistic or monistic, or God be one or many, or a power among powers seeking our help in the struggle against evil. Any theology will avail if it works, for only by its fruits shall the truth be known.

And what are we to think of a writer who can deliver himself of such sentiments, and then presently tell us that "Jesus knew that his Father was Lord of heaven and earth," and "is still worshipped, trusted, and loved by his friends and acknowledged as the supreme and unquestioned Son of the Father"?

The Fourth Gospel is by Dr. Ernest Scott, of the Queen's University, Canada. It states the rationalistic position of some thirty years back, with a quiet assumption that it cannot be disputed, and does not need to be proved; in other words, it contains nothing to make it useful or acceptable to those who have a genuine desire for information.

From Professor Benjamin W. Bacon, to whom has been entrusted the volume on the Founding of the Church, one might have hoped for something more solid, but one does not find it. The Gospel, he contends, is not so much a Gospel by Christ as a Gospel about Christ; and beneath the confusions of the present Gospel text, as he considers them to be, he finds that St. Peter was the true founder of the Church, inasmuch as, sustained by the manifestation (subjective or objective Professor Bacon does not know) of the risen Lord, which he, and apparently he alone, experienced, he was able to rally the dispersed followers of the Master. So far we shall partly agree with him, but it is an illustration of the recklessness with which he can deal with the sacred text that he can regard the account of our Lord's words to Peter in Luke v. 10 as Luke's version of the incident of Peter's restoration in the last chapter of St. John.

6.—THE "ORPHEUS" OF M. SALOMON REINACH.¹

Recently we noticed the Abbé Bricout's little volume of criticism on M. Reinach's *Orpheus*. Now comes an English translation of Père Lagrange's *Notes* on the same work. The translation, as might be expected seeing who the translator is, is excellently done, and as it is brought out by an Oxford publisher, it is likely to be of service. What we mean is that Père Lagrange's subtle satire would be lost on the mass of English readers, who might easily be misled by its dubious compliments into thinking that there was really something after all in M. Reinach's pages to make them worth reading. But University readers will appreciate and enjoy this delicately-worded rebuke of one whose blind hatred for Christianity has impelled him to make so miserable an exhibition of his shortcomings as a scholar.

Take his notorious definition of religion :

M. Reinach [says P. Lagrange] seems to think that a good definition ought to cover every sense in which a word can be used or even abused. Because we can speak, by abuse—*catachresis*, Rhetoric would call it—of the "religion of honour" this religion, he considers, must be included in the definition of religion in general. In this way we end with the following definition of religion : *a sum of scruples which impede the free exercise of our faculties*. Really one would imagine that M. Reinach had done it for a bet, for with triumphant frankness he forthwith points out that his definition has eliminated from the fundamental conception of religion absolutely everything which everyone understands to be the proper object of the religious sense.

And here is another specimen of his method :

M. Reinach assures us that there were certain Syrian tribes which "kept sacred fish in ponds, and ate sacred fish to sanctify themselves." This practice was adopted by the early Christians "who went so far as to identify Christ with a very large fish. . . ." "The eating of the sacred fish was a primitive form of the Eucharistic meal, for this usage was very much earlier than the birth of Christ. . . ." This is not all. The Jews have a custom of eating fish on Friday evening ; hence, it appears, this is a religious usage borrowed from certain Syrian clans ; and that is why Christians eat no flesh on Friday.

The splendid audacity of this piece of reasoning almost

¹ Notes on the "Orpheus" of M. Salomon Reinach. By Father M. J. Lagrange, O.P. Translated by C. C. Martindale, S.J., M.A. Oxford : Blackwell. Pp. 52. Price, 1s. net.

takes one's breath away. It reminds one of the fine old mediæval effort at verbal derivation which got *cadaver* out of "*caro data vermibus*." For M. Reinach historical connection does not need to be carefully traced out; it is enough to assume it on the basis of any chance resemblance. But Père Lagrange is annoying enough to wish to trace connections instead of assuming them, and finds that "there is nothing whatever to prove that certain Syrian clans ate holy fish to sanctify themselves": that, as we all know, the Catacomb representations sufficiently show that the fish was a mere symbol of our Lord suggested by the story of the loaves and fishes; and that the Christian use of fish on Friday was not original, but only came in at a time when the old rule of entire abstinence from living food had become too severe. When M. Reinach searches thus everywhere for his fish symbols, is it wonderful that Père Lagrange cannot "help thinking of the *poisson d'Avril*"?

A good many pages of this pamphlet are occupied to advantage with M. Reinach's plan for reducing the history of the Passion to a myth by deriving it through a supposed Egyptian "Barabas" rite from a so-called Feast of Sacæa, in Babylonia and Persia. We had occasion to refer to this preposterous theory of origins when noticing M. Bricout's book. But Père Lagrange examines the theory minutely from every side and shows up the absurd blunders into which its inventor has fallen in his attempt to weave history out of imaginations instead of facts. Truly "we cannot affirm that *Orpheus* adds to his reputation, or that it is a service rendered to the reading public."

7.—THE DAWN OF MODERN ENGLAND.¹

There can be no question that Mr. Lumsden has written an extremely interesting book. It was from the breaking down and building up again of Henry's days that this Modern England in which we are perforce so occupied and to which we are so attached, began to take the features we know so well. Then it was that the Tudor tyranny crushed the ancient liberties of the Church, abrogated civil rights and individual

¹ Being a History of the Reformation in England. 1509—1525. By Carlos B. Lumsden, Barrister-at-law. London: Longmans. Pp. 303. Price, 9s. 1910.

liberties without number. When the power of the nobles was finally broken, and vast areas of landed property were confiscated, amid these devastations new men arose and the seeds were sown of new religions, new laws, new ideas and new traditions, which by developments, some slow and peaceful, some violent and disastrous, have produced the people and civilization in which we live.

Mr. Lumsden does not bring us far in the story with this first volume. He has in fact only covered sixteen years out of 400, but the ensuing volumes will of course proceed more expeditiously. It is not however that our author is prolix, or loses himself in details. On the contrary he endeavours as he says (p. 268), to teach "History by suggestion," with the result that his pages are lively, and diversified, though somewhat digressive. Foreign policy claimed the greatest part of Henry's attention in the years before us, and by consequence we find sketches and paragraphs, some of them very good ones (as that on Francis I., pp. 111—113), on *Weltpolitik* and other spacious themes, which carry us on without hitch to the end of the volume.

To be sure, one is apt to ask oneself occasionally what the hostile critics will say. Hostile critics there are sure to be of an author like ours, who does not follow the traditional stories, which by many of our countrymen are accepted as firmly as the Bible. The apparatus of notes does not seem any too strong for its purpose, and the authorities cited may not at once carry conviction, while the captious-minded might also perhaps carp at the occasional colloquialisms. As the work progresses, however, we may be sure that these little failings will be overcome, and meantime we may commend the volume to any one who desires a brief and brightly written account of a most interesting period.

Short Notices.

ONLY cruel exigencies of space could justify us in giving merely a short notice to what is a very large and important work, the *Histoire Politique et Religieuse de l'Arménie* (Picard, 10.00 fr.), by the learned Jesuit, Père François Tournebize. Much of the volume has appeared in the *Revue de l'Orient Chrétien* during the past ten years or so, and owing to such a protracted investigation into sources not yet fully explored, and to the fact that the author is practically a pioneer in dealing with Armenian history as a whole, he has found himself obliged to modify in footnotes or in later portions of the volume impressions already contained in the text. But a very full Index and Analysis of Contents much mitigates this defect. The history in this volume is carried down to the end of the fourteenth century, when the Armenian Monarchy was finally overthrown by the Sultan of Aleppo.

Both as a nation and in connection with the Church, the history of the Armenians is singularly interesting, and Father Tournebize has done a good work in thus bringing together with immense and erudite labour all that is known about them. Three detailed sketch-maps add to the usefulness of the volume.

An even larger book than the above, on a subject closely allied historically and topographically, must be content with the same scant treatment. This is the history of *L'Eglise Géorgienne des Origines Jusqu'à nos Jours* (Bretschneider, Rome), by Michel Tamarati. Like Père Tournebize, the author is a pioneer in this particular matter, and has printed for the first time a vast variety of documents contained in different archives in Rome. His list of printed authorities fills nine large pages, so one may gather the immense amount of erudition contained in the work. Of course, he could not treat of Church affairs in Georgia (now, since 1800, become a Russian district in Caucasia) without saying much about the secular history of the country, and the volume, copiously furnished besides with maps and other illustrations, remains a monument to a most interesting race, whose fidelity to Christianity, whether attacked by the infidel or by a more insidious foe, heresy, makes it worthy of all admiration. The Church there to-day is in a strange state, and cut off from the centre of unity rather by difficulty of access and Russian governmental barriers than actual schism, without a Bishop even, and surrounded by Greek and Russian "Orthodox." We trust that this admirable History, published in Rome, may bring about some alleviation of their condition.

In *Reason and Belief* (Methuen, 3s. 6d. net) Sir Oliver Lodge has published some simple lectures which he has, from time to time, addressed to members of the University of Birmingham. The first thing one wants to ascertain about a teacher is—What are his credentials? Does he know what he proposes to teach? Sir Oliver Lodge speaks as a "scientific man,"

one who has mastered to a marked degree what observation can gather and reason deduce about the facts of the material universe. But, in these lectures, he is philosophizing, dealing not with facts but theories, speculations, hypotheses; and his science, unless indeed it endows him with clearness of expression, does nothing to qualify him, beyond the ordinary run of cultivated men, for the task. In these circumstances, as his aim is a defence of Theism, he would surely have done well to get a clear conception of the notion of God, before lecturing about it. We gather from phrases up and down that Sir Oliver thinks that created beings may finally be "absorbed into Deity," that we "are chips or fragments of a great mass of mind," "fragments of the great Spirit which is God"—phrases which imply a sort of Pantheism, and equivalently deny the Divine "Simplicity." These revelations of his mental standpoint occur early in his book, and do not inspire us with much respect for the lecturer's knowledge of Natural Theology. His grasp of Revealed Religion is equally shaky. Christ is "*a* Divine Spirit," "*a* Son of God": "The Christ Spirit existed through all eternity"—in the attempt to describe our Lord, we find all the nebulousness of the New Theology: there seems no clear conception of the Trinity,—in a word, Sir Oliver treats his New Testament rather eclectically, and prefers to illustrate his imaginings by the uninspired gropings after truth of modern poets. We are not blaming the Professor: he has admirable intentions, but he is in that parlous state, from the Catholic point of view, of being ignorant of the ultimate dictates of reason about the nature of God and the facts of human destiny, and of not suspecting his own ignorance.

The devotion of many members of all classes to the pursuit of enjoyment mainly of a material sort, has inspired the Rev. Montague Fowler with a theme for sundry essays, entitled **The Morality of Social Pleasures** (Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.), which express sound Christian doctrine in clear and readable fashion. It is not easy to be original on such topics, and Mr. Fowler has not attempted it, but the world is drifting so far away from the truth, that truisms have sometimes the force of novelty. The author gives some useful advice also on such subjects as "Gossip," "Friendship and Love," and the "Influence of Thought," pointing out under the last-named head, the unconscious power our mental tendencies have in shaping our character.

Many boys and girls might read through Father Bearn's new book, **Our Lady's Lutenist and Other Stories** (Benziger, 3s.), without realizing that they had been occupied with "spiritual reading," the moral is conveyed in such interesting fashion in stories full of incident and life. Some of them are in reality Saints' Lives re-told, and gaining in beauty by the telling. A capital gift-book.

The Life of St. Leonard of Limousin (Washbourne, 1s. net.), which the Comtesse M. de B. d'Altena has translated from the work of Abbé Arbellot (published in 1863), might have been written, as far as the style goes, by a contemporary of the Saint, who was born towards the end of the fifth century. It is told in the simplest fashion with frequent "pointing of the moral," many interjected prayers, and a complete absence of criticism. It may perhaps be read with the more interest and edification on that account. Devotion to the Saint, as traced by the dedication of churches to him, was very marked in pre-Reformation England.

In spite of all encouragement on the part of the Holy Father and ecclesiastical authorities generally, in spite of such inspiring details as

are contained in Father Plater's *The Apostolate of the Press*, in spite, moreover, of the suggestions of the most elementary common-sense, it remains true that Catholics, in this country at any rate, have not yet made that use of the periodical Press which its fitness as a means of spreading the Truth emphatically calls for. All other interests, professional, economic, political, work the Press to the full, but there is no organized effort on the part of Catholics to support, and improve by supporting, their many journals. It may be that there are too many for our needs, that papers are run primarily as commercial speculations, and that the resulting division of limited forces produces a number of periodicals which have to be "run" cheaply in order to survive at all. Whatever the cause is, only a blind optimist can assert that in none of our Catholic journals is there room for improvement. The old dilemma recurs—the papers must be better if they are to find more purchasers, and more purchasers are necessary to make the papers better. And the only solution is—Catholics must buy Catholic papers, not because they are superior to secular journals, but because they are Catholic, until their support enables proprietors to bring them to greater perfection. The perusal of *Le Journalisme Catholique* (Lethielleux, 1.20 fr.), by Père Joseph Chiaudano, S.J., suggests the foregoing reflections and many others, one being—what constitutes a Catholic journal? The author discusses the question at length, showing incidentally in how many ways, whether through ignorance of dogma or lax views on morals, even Catholic journals may offend. The editor of a journal professedly Catholic has a great responsibility: he may be a veritable Apostle of the Faith, or one of its worst enemies. He will always be the former, if he guides himself by Father Chiaudano's book.

By the publication of the three remaining parts, the second edition of Father Louis da Ponte's *Meditationes* (Herder: London), which Father A. Lehmkuhl has been issuing through the press, is brought to a happy conclusion. The whole six volumes form a valuable addition to any ascetical library. Father da Ponte's work has been long tested by innumerable readers in various languages: this definitive Latin edition makes its appeal to the whole Church. Numerous indices, including an arrangement of the meditations for every day in the year, and one giving a full synopsis of each meditation attest the care and skill of the editor, and add greatly to the utility of the work.

Within a year of its original appearance, Canon A. De Smet, of Bruges, has found cause to print a second edition, *recognita et adaucta*, of his *Tractatus de Sponsalibus et Matrimonio* (Beyaert, 7.50 fr.), showing how progressive Roman legislation on this difficult subject continues to be. The fearful confusion of mind in this country (as revealed in the proceedings of the Divorce Commission just ended) on the fundamental character of the marriage contract, makes a clear, detailed, and exhaustive treatise on the whole matter very opportune. The clergy will not easily find a better treatise than the above.

The growth of intelligence, both in the individual and in the community at large, necessitates a correspondingly varied appeal on the part of the "apologist" for the Christian revelation. Consequently, the fundamental facts of that revelation insisted on by the earliest defenders of the Faith have constantly to be re-stated to suit the changing mentality of each age. *Non nova sed noviter* must always be the teacher's motto. We therefore welcome a new volume of the *Conférences Apologétiques données aux*

Facultés catholiques de Lyon, the first of which we noticed in December, 1909. Two Professors have together produced this volume, MM. Jacquier and Bourchany, and they treat respectively *La Résurrection de Jésus-Christ* and *Les Miracles Évangéliques*. The treatment is very full, with due appreciation of the many modern difficulties—philosophical and historical—of which an unbelieving age is so prolific.

It is not too late to recommend as a beautiful present for the holiday season, *Little Lady Grimgruff and other Fairy Stories* (Sands, 5s. net.), by Marie Bayne, who has apparently tapped new sources, unless she has drawn these tales of magic from her own imagination. The book is very prettily printed and bound, and nicely illustrated with pictures in colours.

Father Finn's well-known stories of American school-life are concerned, as far as we remember, with boarding-schools. In *Ned Reider: a Parochial-School Story* (Benziger, 2s. 6d.), Father John Wehs introduces us to somewhat fresh ground, and gives a very readable account of a peculiar American institution. The language, too, is very "American;" what is not slang is rather stately and periodic, and when base-ball is on the scene it becomes fairly unintelligible. Still, even British boys may get excited over the story, and be edified by the rather obtrusive moral.

If *Father Tim* (Sands, 2s. 6d. net.), by Lady Gilbert, is not a reprint—and there is no indication that it is—it is a remarkably cheap book as regards quantity as well as quality. For it is a fairly long story of Irish life, told by one who knows it from the inside, and can express this knowledge in picturesque language. A welcome book in these days when many women debase their natures by writing what is both vicious and commonplace.

It is surely rather an unwonted thing to find a French novel recommended by the Holy Father, yet that is the distinction of which *Ascension* (Plon-Nourrit, Paris), by M. Charles de Pomairols may boast, for it has elicited a letter of approbation in the name of the Pope from the Secretary of State! The book, in fact, is a prolonged study of the spiritual development of a young girl, a novel of temperament with very little incident, but with much description of thoughts and emotions. It is not a story to skim over, but the patient reader of its pages will be brought into contact with high natures and noble imaginings.

M. l'Abbé Auguste Humbert has published the first part of an ambitious work—*Les Origines de la Théologie Moderne* (Gabalda, 3.50 fr.)—in which he traces the movement of ideas which later found expression in Lutheranism and Trent. His preliminary study, embracing the period 1450—1521, is entitled *La Renaissance de l'Antiquité chrétienne*. Modern Theology is characterized by the abandonment of the *Summa*, and the separate development of the several *loci theologici*. "*Les chapelles ont remplacé la cathédrale*," as Père Humbert aptly expresses it. The difference of treatment necessitated by the controversial atmosphere in which theology has found itself since the sixteenth century, and the various forms of philosophical heresy which have since sprung up have also profoundly modified the development of the divine science. But for the present, the author is chiefly concerned with the earlier stages of the false appeal to antiquity made by Luther and other early heresiarchs, the character of which he exposes with abundant "documentation."

The relations between the Church and civil authority have always been under debate, but never more so since the Reformation obscured in the

minds of so many the true notion of a Church Universal. Consequently students will always find an interest in the various attempts made to establish harmony between the two concurrent, and often rival, powers. Materials for such study have been provided in abundance by the Abbé Jules Thomas of Dijon in his learned work on *Le Concordat de 1516* (Picard, 7.50 fr.), the first part of which—*Les Origines du Concordat de 1516*—has recently reached us. This famous treaty was struck between Pope Leo X. and Francis I., but to understand its full bearing the author has felt bound to go back in history for more than a century to the period before Constance (1414) so as to get at the very roots of the Gallican errors, and trace their earliest manifestations. The whole work is a model of clear and orderly arrangement, and, being preceded by a succinct account of the true relations between Church and State, it furnishes an excellent introduction to the study of those relations.

Few men are more worthy to be ranked in the series *Les Grands Hommes de l'Eglise au XIXe Siècle* than the saintly Bishop of Anthédon, whose *Life, Monseigneur Gay d'après sa Correspondance*—has lately been written by M. l'Abbé Pascal. The career of the Bishop, who was auxiliary in the diocese of Poitiers, extended from 1814 to 1891. He became a priest in 1834, and Bishop Auxiliary to Cardinal Pie in 1877, so that his sacerdotal experience embraced very troublous times for the Church both in France and at large. This memoir is based on his copious published correspondence and on personal reminiscences of the author, and it presents us with a vivid picture of a man, already well-known amongst us by his famous *Christian Life and Virtues* and other no less admirable ascetical works.

A second edition has appeared of Padre A. Gerste's *Notes sur la Médecine et la Botanique des Anciens Mexicains* (Vatican Press), in which the learned author has taken occasion to make many improvements and corrections in the text, with a view of reproducing the most recent discoveries. Nevertheless, he allows that the work to be perfect should be entirely re-written. Perhaps he may find time some day to expand these *Notes* into an exhaustive and definitive volume.

The pernicious doctrine, preached so assiduously to-day, that genius is above the moral law and that art can be divorced from morality receives a sustained and eloquent refutation in *Le Fléau Romantique* (Lethielleux: 3.50 fr.) by l'Abbé C. Lecigne, Professor of French literature at Lille. The Professor is at pains to show that Romanticism, which he regards as the source of all that is vicious in French literature, came originally into the thought and language of the nation in the eighteenth century from abroad,—from England through the vogue of Shakespeare, and from Germany through the influence of Goëthe, Schiller, Kant and the rest. Left to itself, the French genius is the quintessence of common sense, pure reason uninfluenced by sentimentality. Without delaying to question this view, the expression of which the Professor himself characterizes as an *acte de pudeur et de fierté nationale*, we may grant that these fascinating pages, which read like a sane and Christian "Degeneration," give abundant proof of the havoc wrought in French literature of every sort and consequently in French life and conduct by the substitution of passion and impulse for the guidance of conscience. We should appreciate the *Hommage d'Editeur* much more if it were not scattered through the book in smudgy purple ink.

The author of *The Angel in the Sun* (Books VII.—XII.) and *Other*

Poems has brought his title-piece to a conclusion in six more books. As we explained before, it is a sort of Biblical commentary in blank verse, expressed very often in the language of the Bible, and instinct with devout feeling. The same copious use of Biblical imagery marks the other poems in the book, one of which—a sonnet—seems a denunciation of Church bazaars!

The eighth volume of **Round the World** (Benziger, 3s. 3d.), deals with the usual diversified selection of subjects, and is excellently illustrated.

No doubt we have frequently recommended the well-known **Manuale Sacerdotum** (Bachem, 6 marks), which Father A. Lehmkuhl has continued editing for so many years, and which has now reached its seventeenth edition. As containing on the one hand appropriate matter for the private devotions of the clergy, and on the other a general conspectus of all that may aid them in the discharge of their pastoral duties, the volume is without a rival.

The great Observatory of the Ebro attached to the Jesuit College at Tortosa publishes an elaborate monthly Bulletin, the first number of which for 1911 is before us. It is copiously illustrated with views of the site of the Observatory and its equipment, as well as with charts of observations and different statistics. It is a record of fine work, magnificently produced.

A volume of singular interest to all Catholics is that published by Père P. Viaud, O.F.M., under the title of **Nazareth et ses deux Eglises** (Picard, 6 fr.). It was the privilege of the learned Franciscan in the year 1889 accidentally to hit upon the ruins of the great Basilica of the Annunciation, which had been built over the Holy House, and which was destroyed in 1263, in the grounds of the well-known Convent of the Holy Land at Nazareth. Since that time he has directed operations with a view to discovering all that remains of the old church, which had been partly concealed by the convent buildings, and at length he is enabled to give a history of this monument of early faith and piety, as well as of the Church of St. Joseph near at hand, which is a valuable contribution to Palestinian topography. Many illustrations, noticeably a number of reproductions of elaborately-carved capitals, are given to elucidate the text.

Dom Maurus Kinter, O.S.B., Keeper of the Archives in the monastery at Raihrad, in Moravia, has compiled from documents in his charge a *Menologium* of his house, entitled **Vitae Monachorum qui ab anno 1613 in Monasterio O.S.B. Raihradensi . . . obierunt**. Clearly such a record is of interest mainly to members of the monastery or Order, but the student may glean, from the earlier notices especially, many quaint details of monastic life.

The Englishwoman's Year Book (Adam and Charles Black, 2s. 6d. net) edited by G. E. Mitton, is so excellent that it is a pity it should not be perfect. Roman Catholic Homes, Religious Orders, Secondary Schools, Training Colleges and Societies are dealt with, it is true, with some attempt at fulness, but, to the Catholic who knows Catholic works from within, there are many omissions. If the Editor of the *Year Book* were to apply to the Catholic Women's League, which is wrongly classed as an employment agency (p. 78), she would obtain that full and accurate information on those topics which should make the volume indispensable to every female Catholic social worker. As it stands the book is of much value as a directory to all matters pertaining to education, professions for women, or philanthropic and social work from a woman's point of view and would tend to show how complete is

that emancipation and liberty which a militant minority is still fighting for as if it were not practically theirs already.

Devotions for Holy Communion (Burns and Oates, 3s. 6d. net) compiled from the Roman Missal, the Breviary, the writings of saints and other well-known sources, has a Preface by Father Alban Goodier, S.J., and is a book full of prayerful thought. Any page, any line almost, gives food for meditation. Books of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament abound already, but there is room for more such as this, wherein the frequent communicant may find help in the one supreme act of life and many wise counsels against the dangers and evils of the times.

Father Stockmann's book, **Thomas Moore, der irische Freiheitssänger** (Herder, 3s.) appears simultaneously with some interesting notes in the *Tablet* on Moore's religious convictions at the time of his death, which throw a much-needed light on that subject. For the rest, Father Stockmann has studied Moore's poetry with genuine sympathy, and writes of it with skill, appreciation, scholarship, and learning, and he has the art of treating literary topics brightly and gracefully. He does not exaggerate Moore's merits, but shows clearly how, as a man for his day, he deserves no ordinary meed of praise.

A book of fairy-stories which has the emphatic commendation, even though in an unofficial capacity, of the Provost of the Cathedral at Augsburg, need fear no reproach on the score of morals. But further there is a literary flavour about **New Fairy Tales for Children Young and Old** (Herder, 1s. 6d.) told by "Aunt Emmy" and well translated by Amy Gordon, which, together with many illustrations and pretty binding, makes it an excellent gift-book.

The world, with its Divorce-Courts and its Divorce-Commissions, is labouring steadily to loosen that keystone of Christian society, the indissolubility of the marriage-bond, of which the Church in the Divine purpose is the guardian. Her teachers and preachers without a dissentient voice ever proclaim that man cannot part what God has joined, and she bids those whose marriages from one cause or another have not been happy to seek support in the grace of the Sacrament and in the conscientious performance of their duty. In six lectures entitled **The Plain Gold Ring** (Longmans, 2s. 6d. net) which have edified many audiences both in Ireland and in England, Father Robert Kane sketches, in that ornate yet forcible style of which he is a master, the ideal of the marriage-state, the virtues that go to its felicity, the vices that result in its ruin. They make stimulating reading and may be trusted to extend the good influence of the spoken word, of which the speaker has had many happy testimonies.

The growth of democracy, illustrated by the growing strength of the Labour Party in the Commons, prompts the anxious enquiry—Is the democracy going to be or to continue Christian? Judged by the utterances of its official leaders, and by the repeated and gratuitous declaration of the Trades Unions in favour of secular education, the answer is very doubtful. But here at last in **Life through Labour's Eyes** (Sands, 6d. net.), by George Milligan, we have a voice speaking on behalf of the unorganized toilers—a section hitherto inarticulate—and the voice is one of a Christian, a practical Christian who realizes the far-reaching scope of Gospel principles in social amelioration when once allowed full play. Mr. Milligan writes well, in prose and in verse; stirring little essays on the work and prospects of the labourer, and melodious pieces, dramatic or lyrical, embodying incidents in his life. It is a book which social students would do well to buy and ponder over.

No less than three boys' stories by three separate Jesuit authors have reached us from the States—**As Gold in the Furnace** by Father J. E. Copus; **The Old Mill on the Withrose** by Father H. S. Spalding and **Melchior of Boston** by Father M. Earls, all published by Benziger. Father Copus who is a friendly and successful rival of Father Finn, tells a well-developed tale of the trials of a vocation in College life, and Father Spalding takes us into the woods of Kentucky amongst moonshiners and night-riders. Father Earls' is a shorter story, very appropriate to the present season, as it describes how the conversion of a father was effected through a Morality Play of the Wise Men. All three should be welcome additions to boys' libraries.

Cricket and football take the place of base-ball in **Pat**, by Harold Wilson (Sands: 1s. 6d.), and there are capital descriptions of both games which largely determine the fortunes of the hero.

In **Ixion's Wheel** (Bennett and Co: 6s.) by Vincent Basevi we are introduced to the world of politics and high finance, regarding which latter the author has no high opinion. His moral and his moralizings are sound enough for these days, and the story is told with an objective directness which makes it easy reading.

Much more literary skill goes to the telling of **What the Old Clock Saw** (Washbourne: 2s. 6d.) by Mrs. Sophie Maude, one of those stories of Jacobite and Georgian times with which the author is so familiar. It is in reality the story of two lives in the same family as observed by the "old Clock," full of those moralizings over inanimate objects of which Dickens set the fashion, and each charged with its appropriate "atmosphere."

Considerable imaginative power is shown in **The Sun-Worshippers: studies of pre-Roman Britain** (Bennett: 3s. 6d.) by Ethel Sheppard. Here is not the Kipling style or method but rather those of Mr. Hall Caine: still, there is plenty of vigour in the various narratives, and the local colour is consistently maintained.

Although some 480 names have been erased by death from the last edition, **Who's Who for 1911** (Black, 10s. net.) is fatter, if not fairer, than its predecessor. It is not a transcript of the Book of Life (otherwise one might lament the absence of some well-known and deserving characters), but for mundane purposes it is indispensable. Very useful, also, for the classes named, is **The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book**, containing lists of Magazines, Publishers, &c., both here and in America.

We need only mention two new bound shilling volumes published by the C.T.S.—**Catholicism and Socialism: Second Series**, containing nine papers by well-known students on various aspects of those subjects viewed in relation to each other; and the first series of **Catholic Social Guild Pamphlets**, Nos. 1—7, which broadly speaking, represents the constructive side of Catholic social effort. It includes amongst other valuable matter the pronouncements of both the late and the present Pope on the right principles of social action. There is also an appropriate little penny booklet called **A New Year's Greeting from the Writings of St. Francis of Sales**, which might well take the place of the customary card; and another penny paper, the price of which is no gauge of its worth—**The Virgin Birth and the Gospel of the Infancy**, by Rev. C. C. Martindale. This is not only important in itself as a masterly exposure of the rationalist attack on the Christian Belief conducted with complete knowledge of the whole campaign and a model of scholarly accuracy and fulness, but, being the first of a

series of *Studies in History and Dogma*, it is a welcome indication that, as the polemics of the treatise and lecture-hall have now descended into the street, the Catholic side will be ably represented in the encounter.

At the last moment we are glad to announce two further penny pamphlets, both of which illustrate the activity as well as the utility of the C.T.S.—**Anti-Christian Literature**, by Rev. C. C. Martindale, is a reprint from THE MONTH of those two valuable articles in which the author called emphatic attention to the spread of Rationalist literature, and suggested methods of meeting it, suggestions which have already borne fruit; and **A "True Story of a Nun,"** wherein Mr. James Britten exposes with his customary vivacity of treatment one of those malignant anti-Catholic mendacities which serve to keep some life in the moribund "Protestant Tradition."

From the sister Society, the C.T.S. of Ireland, comes a handsome sixpenny quarto—not a very convenient format, we may remark, for handling or for the shelf—containing an account of the Society's activities during the year, and a full report of the Eighth Annual Conference. Amongst many important papers read we may mention Father John Gwynn's on "Our Waifs and Strays," Mgr. Hallinan's on "The Management of Primary Schools," which is curiously not included in the Contents, and Mr. Shane Leslie on the question, "Are Catholics Socially Inferior to Protestants," in which the writer has some very plain things to say about the "snobbery" of certain circles in the Irish capital.

The same Society also publishes in three penny pamphlets, **From Agnosticism to Belief**, a series of six lectures by the late Dr. Patrick Dillon. Excellent in substance, their form is defective through the absence of insets and sub-divisions as aids to following the argument.

Regarding a versified account of the history of the representation of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, called the **Story of this Picture** (Angelus Co. : 3d.), by a Sister of Mercy, the truest charity is to say that it should have been left in manuscript. It exhibits personal piety and literary incompetence in undesirable conjunction.

Canon Antoni has rewritten and abridged a former work of his on Daily Communion, and publishes it under the title **Union with Jesus** (Angelus Co. : 2d.). He urges his readers to make a practice of receiving Holy Communion every time they hear Mass, and easily answers the common difficulties—the "vain fears"—that deter so many.

Messrs. Herder send us two manuals for the clergy, **Clericus Devotus**, a new and enlarged edition (2s. 6d.), and **Accessus ad Altare et Recessus** (1s. 9d.), both highly devotional and excellently printed and bound.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

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ANGELUS COMPANY, Norwood.

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BEAUCHESNE, Paris.

Pascal : Sa Vie religieuse et son Apologie du Christianisme. By H. Petitot. Pp. 427. Price, 6.00 fr. 1911.

BENNETT AND CO., London.

The Sun-Worshippers. By Ethel Sheppard. Pp. 120. Price, 3s. 6d. 1910. *The Rich Fisherman.* By Eric Duncan. Pp. 99. Price 3s. 6d. 1910. *Ixion's Wheel.* By Vincent Basevi. Pp. 219. Price, 6s. net. 1910.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York.

As Gold in the Furnace. By Rev. J. E. Copus, S.J. Pp. 216. Price, 3s. 1910. *Melchior of Boston.* By Rev. M. Earls, S.J. Pp. 176. Price, 3s. 3d. 1910. *The Old Mill on the Withrose.* By Rev. H. Spalding, S.J. Pp. 244. Price 3s. 3d. 1910.

BLACK, London.

Who's Who for 1911. Pp. 2246. Price, 10s. net. *The Englishwoman's Year Book for 1911.* Pp. xxiii, 386. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *The Writer's and Artist's Year Book for 1911.* Pp. 125. Price, 1s. net.

BLOUD, Paris.

La Sainte Trinité. By Canon L. Berthé. Pp. iv, 218. Price, 5.00 fr. 1911. *La Réforme de la Prononciation Latine.* By Camille Couillant. Pp. xiii, 174. Price, 2.50 fr. 1911. *Bible et Protestantisme.* By Victor Franque. Pp. 125. Price, 2.00 fr. 1910. *Histoire de l'Eglise.* By L. David and P. Lorette. Pp. 285. Price, 3.00 fr. 1910. *Chrétiens et Philosophie.* By Ch. Perriollat. Pp. 519. Price, 3.50 fr. 1910. *Histoire de l'Eglise.* Vol. V. By A. Dufoureq. Pp. 351. Price, 3.50 fr. 1911. *Sainte Hélène.* By R. Couzard. Pp. x, 240. Price, 3.00 fr. 1911. *Collection Science et Religion.* Nos. 573-588.

BURNS AND OATES, London.

A Conversion and a Vocation. 2nd edit. Pp. vii, 226. Price, 2s. 6d. 1908. *Life of Blessed Joan of Arc.* Sermon by Canon F. M. Wyndham. Pp. 16. Price, 6d. 1910. *Devotions for Holy Communion.* Pp. xxxi, 246. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1910.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. XII. *The Latest Age.* Pp. xxxiv, 1033. Price, 16s. net. 1910. *A Companion to Latin Studies.* Edited by Dr. J. E. Sandys. Pp. xxv, 891. Price, 18s. net. 1910.

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Catholic Social Guild Pamphlets : 1st Series. Nos. 1-7. Price 1s. 1910. *Catholicism and Socialism.* 2nd Series. Price 1s. 1910. Various Penny Pamphlets.

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The Catholic Truth Annual, 1910. Various Penny Pamphlets.

CONSTABLE AND CO., London.

Sin and its Forgiveness. By W. D. Hyde. Pp. 124. Price, 1s. net. 1910. *Paul and Paulinism.* By James Moffat. Pp. 75. Price, 1s. net. 1910. *The Fourth Gospel.* By Ernest F. Scott, D.D. Pp. 89. Price, 1s. net. 1910. *The Founding of the Church.* By B. W. Bacon, D.D. Pp. 92. Price, 1s. net. 1910.

DUCKWORTH AND CO., London.

Verses. By H. Belloc. Pp. 87. Price, 5s. net. 1910.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Education : How Old the New. By J. J. Walsh, M.D. Pp. 470. Price, \$2.00 net. 1910.

HERDER, London.

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III

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Lives of the Popes in the Middle Ages. Vol. VIII. By Rev. H. K. Mann. Pp. x, 314. Price, 12s. net. 1910.

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La Grace. By Père E. Janvier. 2^e edit. Pp. 464. Price, 4.00 fr. 1910.
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LETOUZEY ET ANE, Paris.

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De Incarnatione. By Canon D. Coghlan, S.T.D. Pp. vi, 333. Price, 5s. 1910. *Life through Labour's Eyes.* By George Milligan. Pp. xi, 178. Price, 6d. net. 1910. *Phases of Progress.* By Mrs. Randolph Mordecai. Pp. viii, 164. Price, 1s. net. 1910. *The Doctrine of the Communion of Saints in the Early Church.* By Dr. J. P. Kirsch. Translated by Rev. J. R. M'Kee. Cong. Orat. Pp. xxxii, 272. Price, 5s. net. 1910. *Pat.* By Harold Wilson. Pp. 136. Price, 1s. 6d. 1910. *A Papal Envoy during the Reign of Terror.* Edited by the Abbé Bridier; translated by Frances Jackson. Pp. xli, 247. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1911.

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De Sacramentis. By Rev. G. Van Noort. Fasc. 1. Pp. 112. Price, 5s. 6d. 1910. *De Deo Redemptore.* By the same Author. 2nd edit. Pp. 204. Price, 3s. 1910.

WASHBOURNE, London.

Early Steps in the Fold. By F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. Pp. viii, 360. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1910. *The English Lourdes.* By Father Clement Tyck, C.R.P. Pp. viii, 79. Price, 1s. net. 1910. *What the Old Clock Saw.* By Sophie Maude. Pp. viii, 193. Price, 2s. 6d. 1910. *The Songs of a Convert.* By G. S. Hitchcock. Pp. 88. Price, 1s. net. 1910. *More Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children.* By Madame Cecilia. Pp. xi, 200. Price, 3s. 6d. 1910.

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SOME FOREIGN REVIEWS.

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- C. Besse.*—The recent Evolution of Divorce in France.
N. Prunel.—Notes on Elementary Education before the Revolution.
L. C. Fillion.—A Book on the Gospel of St. John.
L. Andrieux.—The Communion of Children before the Age of Reason.
L. Pressoir.—The Divinity of Christ and the Synoptic Gospels.
L. Labauche.—M. Loisy and the Institution of the Eucharist.

II.

La Civiltà Cattolica. December 3 and 17.

- The Universality of Religion.
 The Story of a Controversy.
 The British Empire in India in 1910.
 The Architectural Decoration of Houses in the Fifteenth Century.
 A Check to Journalist Pornography.
 The Chronology of the Bible.
 St. Justin Martyr and the Apotheosis of Simon Magus.
 The *Orpheus* of Salomon Reinach.

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Stimmen aus Maria Laach. (1910.) X.

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F. Rauterkus.—The Tax on the Unearned Increment.
J. Fröbes.—Five-and-Twenty Years of Experimental Research in the Action of the Memory.
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J. Bessmer.—The First Communion of Children.

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A. Percy Goyena.—The Jesuits and the Portuguese Revolution.
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E. Postillo.—Lorenzo Hervás and his Writings.
N. Noguer.—Contemporary Social Sciences.
L. Rodes.—The Stratification of Matter.
P. Franganillo Balboa.—The Spiders of the Asturias.

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La Revue Apologetique. Dec.

- C. Decerf.*—The Religious Question in Belgian Politics.
C. de Kirwan.—Some Generalizations on Political Economy.
E. Chardome.—Religious Feeling in some Painters of the Renaissance Period.
J. Dewit.—Notes on Questions of Apologetic.

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- Mgr. Lavallée.*—A Master of Higher Education.
L. de Besse.—Social Reform according to Le Play.
J. Rambaud.—The Question of Population in France.
Mgr. Delmont.—The action of Freemasonry in French Politics during 120 years.

VII.

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- S. Protin.*—The Doctrinal Work of a Great Pope (Pius X.).
J. Derambure.—The Millenarism of St. Ambrose.
J. Deligny.—The Nature of Vocation to the Priesthood.

